

ÉDITION DE LUXE.

No. 1,001

FEBRUARY 2, 1889

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1889

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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At the entrance-door of the Voting Hall
—The Voting Bulletin Distributors



GENERAL BOULANGER



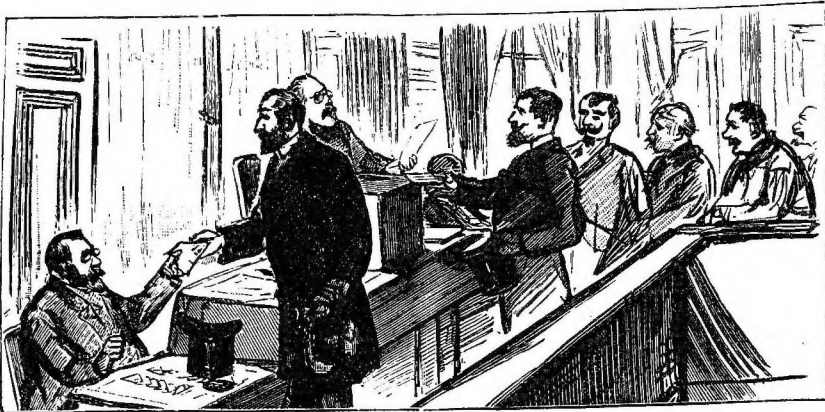
On the terrace of a *caf.*—Two *électeurs* (voters).
Waiter, *log.*: "Je parie vingt sous à monsieur
que c'est Boulanger qu'est nommé."



After midnight on the Boulevards—The rush for the news-
papers giving the general result



in the Rue Drouot—Bicyclists rushing with the newest
information.



The Voting Hall at the Mairie of the Ninth Arrondissement, Rue Drouot



A morning joke between bill-stickers.



The "Camelots" on
the Boulevards—"Ah!
quel malheur de s'appeler
Jacques! Paroles et
musique, dix centimes!"



The proclamation of the general result on a transparency at the
office of M. Laguerre's paper, *La Presse*, Boulevard des Capucines,
at ten minutes past midnight.

ELECTION OF GENERAL BOULANGER AS MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES FOR PARIS
SCENES IN THE STREETS AND AT THE POLLING STATIONS

Topics of the Week

GENERAL BOULANGER'S VICTORY.—The thoroughness of General Boulanger's success excited considerable surprise, and those who were rash enough to prophesy his failure have been completely discomfited. The fond delusion can no longer be maintained that his successive victories are due to Reactionary votes. The Seine is a far more Republican constituency than any of those by which he has hitherto been chosen, and if the Republican element had in the bulk gone against him, or even remained neutral, he would have been nowhere against M. Jacques. It is of little practical importance, however, at the present crisis to discuss why he has succeeded; the interesting question is, in Mr. Cobden's once-popular phrase, "What next, and next?" To the prudent observer, it might seem that General Boulanger's wisest course just now is to do as little as possible, to maintain a position of masterly inactivity, and to keep rigidly within the bounds of legality. But can he afford to assume this position? He has powerful backers, who have paid handsomely for his success, and who expect something sensational in exchange for their money. Then the French people, being impatient and excitable, might tire of their idol if he were to assume the unambitious rôle of an ordinary Deputy. Lastly, although the Boulangists—like Louis Napoleon in 1848—might prefer to play a waiting game, their hand may be forced by the supporters of the present Government, who are in desperate fear that not only their own supremacy, but the very existence of the Republic itself, is in danger of collapse. Some of the remedies which they suggest for quenching Boulangism are childish. Gambetta declared for *scrutin de liste* because he believed that it would make Radicalism more powerful. Now that it has had an opposite effect, his successors would fain restore *scrutin d'arrondissement*. This, together with the cry for a dictatorship, and the threats of gagging the Press—both traditions of the old Jacobin tyranny—proves how little faith so-called Republicans have in the sacred doctrine of universal suffrage when it is turned against themselves. When it represents what we want, the Will of the People is a divine inspiration; when it does not, away with it. It then becomes a fond, foolish invention.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S WORRIES.—There is something truly comic in the new attitude taken up by the German Chancellor on the colonies question. When he was grabbing territory here and there in remote parts of the world, he seemed to feel such a relish for the business that lookers-on considered it a thoroughly congenial labour. Quite a mistake. "From the first I was never one of your colonising men," said he to the Reichstag. When Germany laid hands on New Guinea, New Ireland, Angra Pequena, and the Zanzibar Coast, as when she tried to seize a port on the Zulu littoral, and also when she meddled with hot politics in Samoa, it was not Prince Bismarck who led the way. He had taken a back seat, and placed national sentiment and public opinion on the box. Really? It scarcely squares with accepted ideas of the Man of Blood and Iron to conceive him dancing attendance on popular moods. There may be some, too, who will assert that the German people never thought of founding a colonial empire until their great Minister put the ambitious notion into their heads. Let that pass, however; Bismarck the leader has metamorphosed himself into Bismarck the led, and the historic Man of Blood and Iron gives place to a curiously unhistoric Man of Milk and Butter. Very much butter, as witness his lavish expenditure of that article on England. She is, he has discovered, Germany's old traditional ally; she is the greatest colonising Power in the world; she is—well, Prince Bismarck evidently forgot that England also happens to be the country which gave birth to the Empress Frederick, Sir Morell Mackenzie, and Sir Robert Morier. Had he only remembered these additional claims on his gratitude he would, no doubt, have been still more effusive of his praises. Did the monkey butter the cat's paw before he made use of it to pick the chestnuts out of the fire?

SCHOOL BOARD v. PANTOMIME.—The prosecutions which the London School Board have lately been conducting in the matter of children employed in pantomimes at once suggest the large question, What is the object of education? If it be to fit children for taking their own part in society and earning their own living, we cannot help thinking that the Board has been ill-advised in the matter. For both at the Crystal Palace and at Drury Lane, where the children in question are employed in pantomime, their intellectual training is by no means neglected. Schools are provided which they are compelled to attend. The quality of the instruction provided at Drury Lane is beyond question; and that of the Crystal Palace School, though it did not satisfy the Croydon Magistrates, was sufficient to enable a little girl of eleven to answer "a difficult question in arithmetic," and to read a few lines of a poem in such a way as to gain the compliments of the Bench. And, at the same time, it must be remembered, these children are earning money, and are being put in the way of earning

more in future. Of course, however, there is something to be said on the other side. The children have to keep late hours, and to spend them in the not over-healthy atmosphere (in every sense of the words) of the theatre. It is not by any means an ideal life for a child of tender years, but, on the other hand, it probably compares more than favourably with that of many of their schoolmates, who are not "pantomime children." And it must be remembered, moreover, that the pantomime season is not very long—is all too short, indeed, in the opinion of the families whose scanty means are supplemented by the earnings of their younger members. When the School Board has gathered into its fold all the other children who at present elude its officers, it will be time for it to "deprive us of pantomime," as Mr. Hannay fears it will. But not till then.

FOREIGN POWERS AND THE SEINE ELECTION.—Even if recent events should cause a change of Government in France, the people of this country would regard it with equanimity. Our interference with the First French Revolution—tardy and reluctant though it was—produced disastrous effects. The long war which followed, and the load of debt which we incurred, taught our statesmen a wholesome lesson. For sixty years past we have scrupulously refrained from meddling with the internal affairs of France. Citizen Kings, Emperors, and Republican Presidents have all in their turn been diplomatically welcome. Even if the Commune of 1871 had succeeded in establishing itself, its representative would no doubt have been politely received; and the same impartiality will certainly be manifested towards General Boulanger, should he hereafter attain supreme power. But it is impossible for the Continental Powers, with their artificial frontiers, to take matters quite so easily. This is especially the case with Germany, who has, moreover, a family skeleton in her cupboard entitled the "War of Revenge." During the recent debate in the Reichstag Prince Bismarck's thoughts must have been fixed on Paris, rather than on East Africa. Some of General Boulanger's popularity is assuredly due to the "Revanche" sentiment which is so industriously preached by his ally M. Dèroulède, and also to the belief on the part of many Frenchmen that the Third Republic has cut a rather tame and ignoble figure in European politics. Nevertheless, we venture to think that war will not break out—at least this year—because there is a great peace-maker in Paris. The word "great" is used advisedly, for the peace-maker in question overshadows the whole city. It is called the Eiffel Tower, and, as the most prominent representative of the Exhibition which Frenchmen generally, and Parisians particularly, are anxious to hold without let or hindrance, its vote will certainly be in favour of Peace—at any rate, until the Exhibition is over.

REAL HELP FOR FARMERS.—During the earlier stages of his political career, Mr. Chamberlain was so dexterous in wire-pulling and caucus-engineering that the world set him down as merely a sort of English Conkling or Tweed. That he would ever develop into a great statesman was regarded as impossible as that the larva of the *Dytiscus* should produce a "Purple Emperor." Latterly, however, public opinion has greatly modified that harsh assumption, and it needed only Mr. Chamberlain's bold proposal to extend the Ashbourne Act to Great Britain to secure general recognition of his statesmanship. Not that the same idea did not occur to many previously; his credit lies in being the first man of mark to bring it within the four corners of practical politics. He shows the courage of his convictions, too, in refusing to allow his plan of agricultural relief to be applied in piecemeal fashion. It has been exhaustively tried with the most complete success in Ireland; what possible use, then, could there be in experimenting with it on a smaller scale in Wales? English and Scotch farmers are every bit as deserving of help as Welsh or Irish, and if the extension of the Ashbourne Act to the whole kingdom would effect that object, the sooner it is done, the better. Some cavillers predict that Scotch and English agriculturists would not make use of it, except in a very few instances. In that case no harm could be done, at all events, while some good would accrue from making the offer. But it would be very surprising if a considerable number of farmers did not avail themselves of the opportunity of becoming landowners without paying more than their present rent-charges. If they did not jump at the chance of thus "rooting themselves in the soil" free, gratis, and for nothing, they would be singularly devoid of "earth hunger."

A BLOW TO BILLIARDS.—Those persons who believe that billiards are an invention of the Evil One, and that when a young man takes a cue into his hand for the first time he will soon be on the high road to destruction, must have rejoiced at the decision which Mr. Baron Huddleston delivered on Monday in the case of "Dyson v. Mason." He has practically declared that to play billiards for the very smallest stake that can be imagined is gambling, and that the publican who permits such gambling on his premises is liable to punishment. The particular game in question was "skittle pool;" but it is evident that any other game is equally forbidden. For pool, the ordinary pool, can hardly be played without something being paid for "lives," and in billiards and pyramids it is the custom for the loser to pay

the tables, which is manifestly gambling according to Mr. Baron Huddleston. His decision will result in one of the inevitable three courses being adopted. The law will have to be altered in favour of the publicans, which is unlikely in the present state of public feeling; or they will be compelled to get rid of their tables, and drive those of their customers who like an occasional "100 up and a shilling on the game" into the so-called "clubs," where they are likely to come to a good deal more harm than in the ordinary public billiard-room; or—and this is what is most likely—things will go on very much as before; and those publicans who do not permit excessive speculation over the board of green cloth, will be allowed to close their eyes to the modest amount which usually does go on. If this should be the case, the latest decision of "the last of the Barons" will have done no harm, and some good. For while those publicans who keep their houses respectable will not be interfered with, the others, who have allowed their billiard-rooms to be turned into the hunting-ground of "billiard-sharps," will be compelled to amend their ways for fear of the law.

MR. O'BRIEN'S ADVENTURES.—In these days, if a man wants to be a prominent character, there is nothing like "bold advertisement," and Mr. O'Brien is certainly an adept in the art. His anti-Lansdowne crusade in Canada was cleverly conceived; and, though it failed utterly in its benevolent intention of stirring up the Canadians against their Governor-General, yet the promoter's popularity was enhanced by the alleged perils which he underwent among his own countrymen (chiefly, it is said, of the Orange persuasion). But Mr. O'Brien's recent performances decidedly "take the cake" from the Canadian exploit. First, he escapes from the Police Court at Carrick-on-Suir, under the very nose of justice, leaving a large portion of his coat in the hands of his oppressors; then he drives ninety miles in an open trap (let us hope with an additional coat) to Wexford; there he is smuggled on board of a steamer, lands on the coast of Wales, is hospitably entertained by a Roman Catholic priest at Bridgend, and finally goes to London, this time by a less romantic, but more comfortable conveyance—namely, the night mail. Then, most sensational of all, he suddenly appears, like a pantomime character, at a meeting in the Hulme Public Hall, Manchester, where he receives a tremendous ovation. No doubt, being gifted with the fervid imagination of his compatriots, Mr. O'Brien, like Dickens's little Marchioness, is able to make-believe very much; likely enough, during this memorable journey, he felt himself to be as one of the sufferers of ancient days, going to face torture and death. But we can scarcely credit our venerable Anglo-Saxon friend, Mr. Jacob Bright, with an equal amount of imagination, yet even he sees in the pluck and ingenuity shown by Mr. O'Brien during this escapade a proof of the fitness of the Irish people for self-government.

OUR FIGHTING RESOURCES.—It is not a pleasant position of affairs that Mr. Stanhope presents to British patriotism. On the one hand, the War Minister discerns the approach "of one of the most sanguinary and horrible wars the world has ever known;" on the other, he candidly confesses that the English Navy is not what it should be. That cannot be disputed, nor is it open to controversy that a considerable time will be required, even if all hands are set to the bellows, to construct the deficient ships and guns. But the second line—curious that Mr. Stanhope should have omitted from consideration the department especially under his control. All he had to say about the Army was that arrangements are being made for the issue of improved firearms and field pieces. And then, of course, the usual groan about the costliness of modern armaments. They do run away with a deal of money, but whether it be always spent to the best purpose is open to question. There are many—not *pekins* either—who believe that our defensive force might be largely strengthened without any serious increase of expense. According to the latest returns, fifty-five thousand Reserve men—that is, soldiers in the prime of life trained to perfection—cost the country about 440,000*l.* per annum, or less than 10*l.* a head. Would it not be possible, then, to so alter our arrangements as to admit of this splendid force being trebled within the course of a few years? Even if the Reserve pay had to be doubled, in order to attain that end, the accruing advantage would be well worth every farthing of its cost. And in that case, too, the military authorities would not need to be so nervous about embodying the force for Autumn Manœuvres, or what not. The period of service with the colours might have to be reduced in order to maintain the requisite flow into the Reserve, but that would be a slight drawback compared with the enormous gain to the defensive strength of the kingdom.

FOOTBALL ACCIDENTS.—To adapt a famous phrase, the number of football accidents has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. This increase has been particularly noticeable during the last two seasons. Last season was more prolific in casualties than its predecessors; this season has been worse even than last. Within the last few weeks no less than three fatal accidents have occurred, while the number of non-fatal but sufficiently serious mishaps—broken limbs, strained muscles, and so on—has been proportionately large. That

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these things ought not to be abundantly evident. We are not presuming that football can be played without any accidents at all. That is impossible, from the nature of the game, which calls into action every muscle of a man's body, and obliges him to put forth all his strength. Nor do we mean to imply that football as now played is more dangerous than any other sport. Hunting certainly, and cricket probably, have more accidents to answer for in proportion to the numbers of those who take part in them. But hunting and cricket accidents preserve a steady average: it is only football which shows this sudden and alarming increase. To two causes, it can hardly be doubted, is this increase attributable—the introduction of professionalism, and to the increase in the number of cup competitions. Professionalism, owing to the fact that the professional knows that if he is injured his club will pay the damage; and cup competitions, because in them the players strive for something more tangible than the mere honour of victory, have both conduced to rough play. If football accidents are to diminish, therefore, it is obvious that these causes must be removed, or deprived of their force. The Football Association and the Rugby Union should endeavour to arrange that in as many matches as possible trustworthy referees should be appointed, and the referees should make a point of warning off the ground and reporting to the authorities any player who is guilty of rough or unfair play. Unfortunately, trustworthy referees are not as numerous as they might be. A great effort must be made, however, to induce suitable men to come forward; if, that is to say, football is to remain a game of which we can be proud.

MR. PHELPS.—The Americans who are officially deputed to represent their Government in foreign countries have rarely (as among the nations of the old world) climbed the successive steps of the diplomatic ladder, yet, judging from the specimens who for many years past have successively appeared at the Court of St. James's, they have almost always been acceptable personages in a social sense. Nor has this social acceptability prevented them from resolutely maintaining what they believed to be the rights of their native land. During the Great Civil War, for example, there were many tough diplomatic nuts to be cracked. Yet Mr. C. F. Adams remained a *persona grata* in society, although he always stood up unflinchingly for the country he represented. Any unpopularity which Mr. Lowell incurred on his return home was due, not to neglect of American interests, but to the alleged fact that he was "so English, you know." In simple truth, some of the less worthy of his own countrymen were jealous of the popularity he enjoyed. Following as he did a man of such exceptional talent and attractiveness, Mr. Phelps has been remarkably successful in winning the goodwill of the "foreigners" among whom he was temporarily sojourning. This personal regard has been proved by the enthusiasm shown at the successive banquets at the Mansion House and the Century Club. Had Mr. Phelps merely obtained the cold esteem due to a capable official, people would certainly have refrained from feasting him and giving presents to his wife, after the scurvy treatment accorded to Lord Sackville at Washington. Indeed, under existing circumstances, we incline to think that this banqueting and present-giving was rather overdone; because some Americans, being unable to distinguish between Phelps the man and Phelps the Ambassador, may say, that if you only twist the British Lion's tail hard enough, he will, in return for the attention, give you a square meal, and load you with caresses. Anyhow, we may sincerely wish Mr. Phelps "Bon voyage!" and hope that General Harrison will send us an equally good man in his place.

THE MAHDI'S POSITION.—Unless there be a conspiracy of falsehood among refugees from the Sudan, Khalifa Abdullah must be in a serious dilemma. All accounts that have lately come to hand, both from Suakin and Wady Halfa, agree in representing the Mahdi's position as eminently precarious. The "dervishes"—that is, the professional cut-throats, freebooters, and fanatics—still cling to him, but many of the great tribes are in open revolt, sick of the brigandage and terrorism associated with Mahdism. Both from north and south, the priestly despot finds himself threatened by tribal combinations, and, unless he soon performs some brilliant feat, we may count upon hearing the downfall of the extraordinary Power that arose from the ruins of Egyptian rule. But it by no means follows that the Sudan will then settle down to the ways of peace. Until some strong central authority comes into existence, like that exercised by the original Mahdi, inter-tribal rivalries and hatreds will keep the unfortunate country in anarchy and bloodshed. Then, too, there are the slave kings, whose interest it is to stir up internecine warfare as the best way of cheapening "black ivory." It is a dismal look-out, truly, for the people whom Gordon loved so well. His wonderful powers of prevision extended, no doubt, to the condition the Sudanese would fall into if left to their own sweet wills. Our mistake was in carrying back the Egyptian frontier so far and so abruptly. Had it been maintained at Khartoum, as Gordon wished, until the tribes had learnt the elements of self-government, the country would now probably be intent on trade. And that could have been easily done had a British contingent been despatched up the Nile when Gordon hurried to the city which was to prove his tomb.

THE CASUAL BURGLAR.—Assuming that the confession of James Clarke, who has turned Queen's evidence in the matter of the Muswell Hill burglary, is to be trusted (and it coincides in a remarkable degree with the statements of independent witnesses), it throws a remarkable light upon burglars and their ways. It is popularly supposed that all burglaries of the more ambitious kind are planned weeks beforehand, and mapped out with the care of a Moltke. Servants are bribed or cajoled into describing the "lie" of the house, and the ways of the household; in some cases even accomplices of the criminals obtain situations in the house themselves in order more effectually to enable their "pals" to "crack the crib." Then, when the final moment arrives, doors and windows are left unfastened to facilitate the ingress of the burglars, and the grounds are wired to prevent pursuit in case of discovery, while a swift dog-cart is in waiting to carry away the robbers and their booty. That is how the "shilling dreadful" burglar behaves, almost invariably. How the burglar of real life behaves sometimes can now be read in the chronicle to which James Clarke appended his signature in Holloway Prison. According to that, he and his companions had arranged no definite plan of campaign; they merely went out, as he euphemistically put it, "to look for something." Highgate, on the recommendation of a young man, casually encountered, who told them there were "many rising bankers and merchants coming to live in that neighbourhood," might have had their attention but for the fortunate appearance of a policeman, and in the end it was quite a chance that Norton Lees was selected. This narrative is hardly calculated to reassure householders. On the whole we would rather be "burgled"—if to be "burgled" is our fate—by a respectable housebreaker (if the adjective be permissible in such a connection) who knows his profession, and does not bungle his business; than by the casual miscreant, who only knows how to use his revolver.

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THE BOULANGER ELECTION

THE political aspects of this important election are treated in another column, and we need only here briefly summarise the leading events of the day. Throughout last week the whole Parisian army of billstickers had been hard at work posting the electoral addresses of the rival candidates on every available space, even to the steps of the Grand Opera and the statue of Joan of Arc, while the public excitement in all circles, and amid all classes, had been growing apace until timid people began to shake their heads and prophesy riotous times for the day of battle. The Government, however, took the most stringent precautions against any outbreak, confined the troops to barracks, served out ball cartridge to the Garde Republicaine, and held a strong body of police in reserve. On the morning of the eventful day, however, there were few signs of unusual excitement, and in the polling places one policeman was in most cases sufficient to maintain order, the voters being in every way orderly and systematic, while in the streets, although no one talked or thought about anything else, there were no disorderly crowds, or cries for or against General Boulanger or M. Jacques. As the day wore on, and the polling places were closed, the boulevards began to be densely thronged, and crowds assembled before the newspaper offices to learn the returns from the various Arrondissements as they came in, while bicyclists dashed up from all directions bearing the latest news to the various journals. At the office of the *Presse* the figures were displayed by the aid of an optical lantern, but a police commissary put a stop to this. The apparatus was then transferred to the *Gil Blas* office, where the editor declined to obey the verbal commands of the commissary, whose written instructions only applied to the *Presse*. As the figures gradually showed the success of the General, the excitement increased, and cries of *Vive Boulanger* and of *Pauvre Jacques* were raised, while troops of Boulangists paraded the streets singing the popular Boulangist anthem, and scornful songs about his rival, with the refrain, *Ah! Quel malheur de s'appeler Jacques!* The General dined and spent the evening at the Café Durand, at the corner of the Rue Royale and Place de la Madeleine, and there received the Chairmen of his various Committees as they brought him the results of the voting from their respective districts. A dense crowd assembled before the Café, but there was no attempt at disturbance, and the few policemen who were present were able to maintain order. At midnight, when the full extent of the Boulangist victory was known, the groups patrolling the streets became somewhat more noisy, and there were some scuffles on the Boulevard des Italiens, but no disturbance of a serious nature occurred throughout the night, and the Parisians must be congratulated on their calm and orderly attitude during the whole of the crisis.

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN INDIA

THE titles of these sketches explain the various miseries which are endured by the Griffin on his arrival in India. At first he is apt to be very British, and, in fact, is told so when received at the up-country station which in future is to be his home, by his future host and superior officer. His first purchases are the inevitable solah topee and mosquito-curtains, but, none the less, he does not escape from the too-devoted attentions of the mosquitoes, who always extend a warm welcome to the new comer. When he takes his bath the first morning he comes to sad grief. The method of tubbing in India consists in standing on the little platform in the foreground, lifting the water out of the *naud* by means of a small tin, and throwing it over the head. Our Griffin, however, indistinctly steps into the frail vessel, which immediately cracks in a dozen places. He is at first greatly struck with the respectful behaviour of the servants, and, with true British obstinacy, persists in putting on his own boots, and, in fact, even in the hottest weather attempting as much independence of his servants as he was wont to do at home. He speedily, however, finds out his error, and eventually makes up for it with interest—much to the disgust of the obsequious "native." In that amusing collection of Anglo-Indian poems the "Lays of Ind" a Griffin is apostrophised as follows:

It wouldn't surprise me to find you believing
That magnates still spend half their coin in receiving
Keep house in a style of Nabob prodigality,
And rival each other's profuse hospitality.
I'd venture a wager you think every native
Is either a toady or bloodthirsty catfish;
Unconquered Wallahs some shady profession,
And Ind for Bengal but another expression;
That cobras are found every day in your slippers;
That horses are cheap, and all Arabs are clippers;
That life in a Station's all romping and riot,
And curry and rice is your principal diet;
That missionary hardships would move you to pity;
That tigers are common, and ayahs are pretty;
That sweet English girls, by the P. and O. carried
By hundreds, are no sooner landed than married;
Et cætera, et cætera—all rank fat-lal, sir!
Just drop such ideas in the Suez Canal, sir!

LIFE AT SEA ON AN AUSTRALIAN LINER
See pp. 117 et seqq.

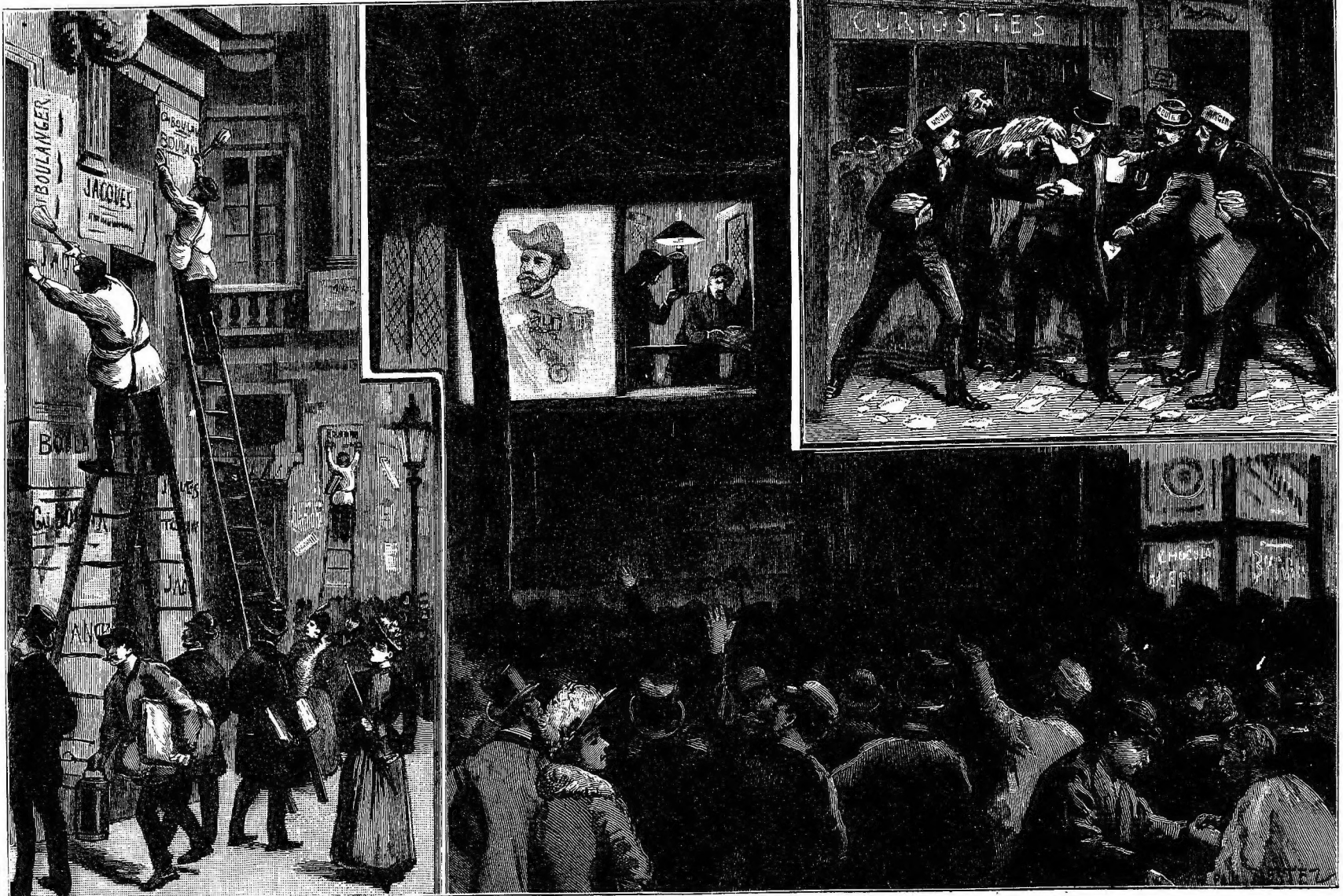
"THE TENTS OF SHEM,"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brawnall, R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 121.

ST. CATHERINE'S LIGHTHOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT
See page 126.

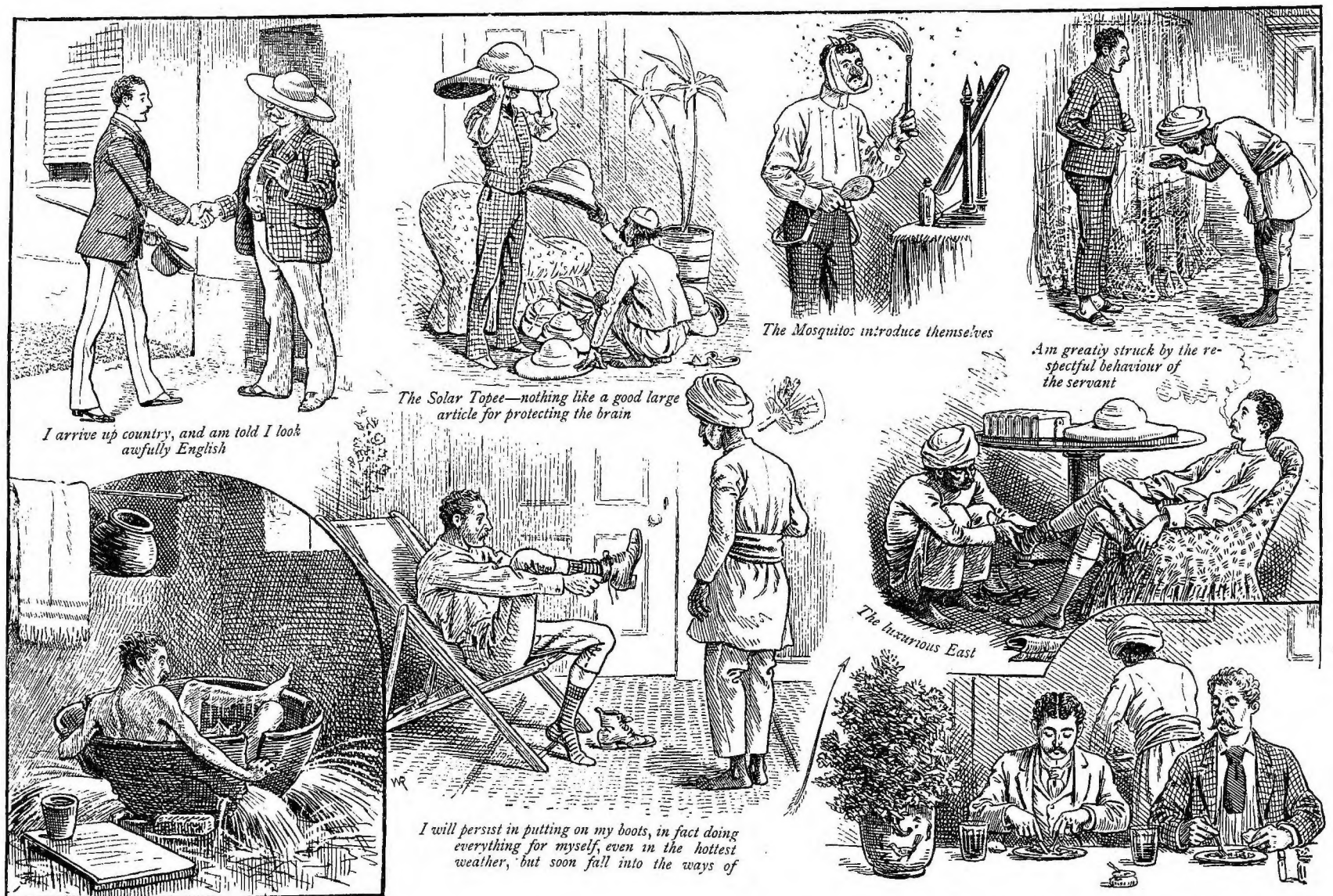
The bill-sticker.

Going to vote



Proclaiming the result before it was put on the screen

ELECTION OF GENERAL BOULANGER AS MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES FOR PARIS
SCENES IN THE STREETS AND AT THE POLLING STATIONS



I arrive up country, and am told I look awfully English

The Solar Topee—nothing like a good large article for protecting the brain

The Mosquitos introduce themselves

Am greatly struck by the respectful behaviour of the servant

The luxurious East

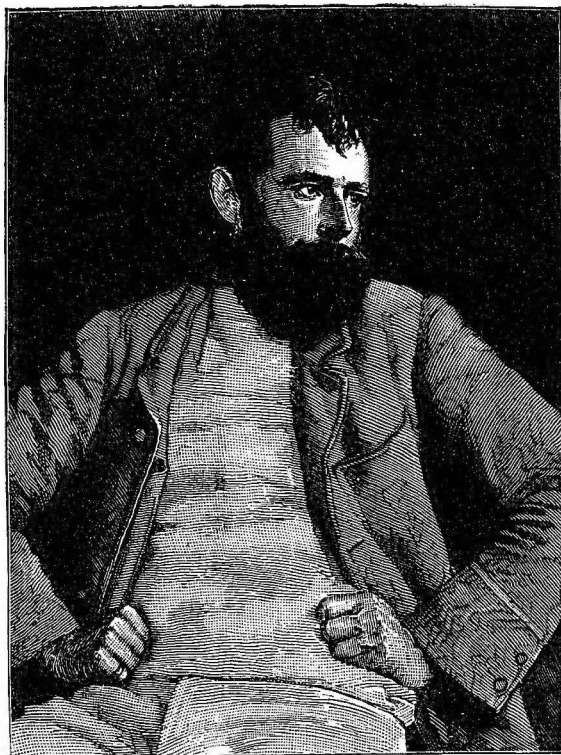
I will persist in putting on my boots, in fact doing everything for myself, even in the hottest weather, but soon fall into the ways of

My first attempt at an Indian bath

But will persist in eating Curry with a knife

MR. W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

ON the 23rd January the members of the Royal Academy met to elect an Associate in the place of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, who was promoted last summer, and their choice fell upon Mr. Wyllie, the river-painter. William Lionel Wyllie, the son of an artist father, was born in 1851, and began his artistic education at Heatherley's School. In 1866 he entered the Royal Academy Schools, where in 1869 he gained the Turner Gold Medal. The previous year saw his first exhibit on the Academy walls, "Dover Castle and Town," since when thirty-one of his pictures have been hung there; the Society of British Artists, meanwhile, hanging about fifty more. He began at an early age to draw for this journal, and most of his finer black-and-white work has appeared in our pages. Among various important books which he has illustrated may be mentioned "The Tidal Thames," the text of which was written by Mr. Grant Allen. Returning to his pictures, his "Outward Bound," in 1869, and his "London from the Monument," in 1870, showed the bent of his genius, and indicated the path he meant to take. But his work did not begin to attract much general attention until a good deal later. In 1882 he achieved a great success with his "Port of London;" and in 1883 his "Toil, Glitter and Grime," which was bought for the nation under the terms of the Chantrey Fund, was one of the pictures of the year. In 1884 he exhibited "Heave Away!"—barges, upward bound, shooting Rochester Bridge. His "Black Diamonds," which attracted much attention, was exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours. "Mr. Wyllie," says the *Saturday Review*, "has made one particular field his own, and in this field he has no rival. He has dedicated his brush to the lower reaches of the Thames, to the picturesque and sordid waters, crowded with shipping, stained with the industries of the world, that Dickens loved to describe. Dark trading vessels seen silhouetted against a shining expanse of oily, swirling currents, a network of spars drawn on the bald face of gas-works or unfinished warehouses—these are the subjects which Mr. Wyllie loves; and he paints them with force, with affection, and with a determination to make us see and enjoy their occasional and accidental beauty under certain effects of light and shadow." Mr. Wyllie's intimate knowledge of shipping is

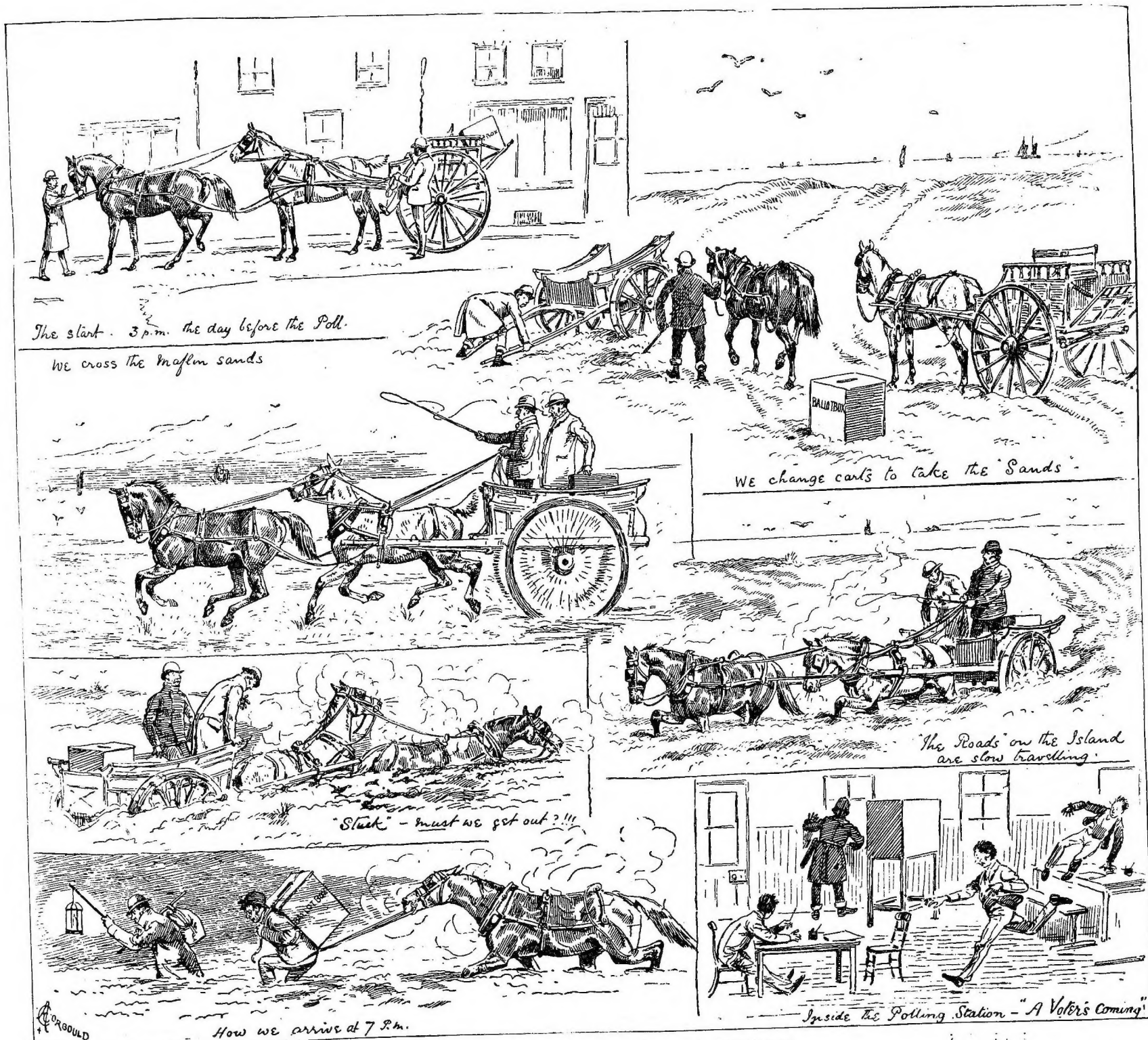


MR. W. L. WYLLIE
The Newly Elected Associate of the Royal Academy

derived from a long practical experience. Almost from the time he joined the Royal Academy Schools he has had a little vessel of his own; though from time to time he has improved upon his craft, until at present he is skipper of the *Ladybird*—a little French-built yawl of something over twenty tons. In this little yacht Mr. Wyllie has for years navigated the Thames, the Channel, and the seas and coasts of Holland, over and over again.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mrs. W. L. Wyllie, the painter's wife.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTIONS—ADVENTURES OF A PRESIDING OFFICER

THESE engravings are from sketches by Mr. Frank Stallibrass, of Southend, and depict some of the mishaps which befel an official who had to traverse the marshy tract of country, fringed with numerous islands, which lies in that part of Essex situated between the River Crouch and the River Thames, and which is bounded on the seaward side by the melancholy stretches of the Maplin Sands. Mr. Stallibrass's sketches are practically self-explanatory, as soon as we appreciate the treacherous character of the country which his hero had to traverse. We successively see the all-important ballot-box transferred from a dogcart to a humbler vehicle, then borne across the sands, which were partially under water, then journeying over one of the islands, where the wheels sank axle-deep into the boggy soil, till at last the valorous driver was fairly stuck, and was compelled to summon assistance and turn pedestrian. Thus the entry was made into the village in somewhat ignominious fashion, one man leading the way with a lantern, while another bore the ballot-box as a burden on his back, and at the same time dragged the unfortunate horse through the miry water. And, after all these toils and perils, the election which was their primary cause seems to have provoked only a feeble local interest, for the assembled officials became quite excited when the rumour spread that a voter was actually on his way to perform his duties as a citizen. The return journey, say rather voyage, seeing that it was of such an amphibious character, was performed much in the same fashion, save that the precaution was taken of having two steeds, harnessed tandem-fashion, to the cart.



THE COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTION
THE ADVENTURES OF A PRESIDING OFFICER ON HIS WAY TO THE POLLING PLACE IN ESSEX

relating to his travels. He conceived the idea of the comprehensive work "Austria-Hungary in Word and Picture," presided in person over the sittings of the editorial staff, and contributed largely to its pages. He was universally popular, and had a pleasant manner which charmed everybody who knew him. He was a great friend of the Emperor of Germany, as well as of the Prince of Wales, to present Emperor on a visit this year for some English shooting. Although the Prince leaves a little daughter, the Salic law prevails in the Dual Kingdom (although once overridden, as in the case of Marie Theresa), and consequently the heir to the throne is now the Archduke Charles Louis, the Emperor's brother, who has three sons, Archdukes Francis, Otho, and Ferdinand.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Kozmata Perencz, Buda-Pesth.

"SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES" *

THE large volume containing reproductions of the twenty-one oil pictures forming the *Graphic* Gallery of Shakespeare's Heroines, just issued by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., is one of the most artistic and sumptuous, and at the same time one of the most artistic publications that we have lately seen. The plates, produced by the *Goupin* method, are most faithful transcripts of the original pictures, and as these are good examples of the various styles of our most eminent living figure painters they will have permanent value. Refined taste and the most fastidious care have been brought to bear on the production of the work. As regards beauty of decorative design and elaborate completeness of workmanship it suffers nothing by comparison with any of the very high-priced *éditions de luxe* that have appeared within the last few years in Paris, proofs of which, being limited in number, are constantly increasing in value, and when offered for sale are eagerly competed for by connoisseurs. Every picture in the present work is accompanied by a concise and lucid *résumé* of the play, as far as it concerns the character depicted, written by Mr. W. E. Henley. The typography is of the finest kind; and every one of the frieze-like designs that head the pages, the initial letters, and the Arabesque finials is in itself a work of art, and will repay close examination.

The original pictures we noticed when they were first exhibited apart from their purely pictorial qualities, they seem to us, with few exceptions, to be excellent realisations of the author's purpose. The first in order of arrangement, Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Portia," representing the Roman matron with an expression of anxious foreboding on her face, looking down from a balcony on Brutus and his fellow-conspirators assembled in the orchard, is a dramatic and very original rendering of the subject. All the finely-wrought details and delicate modulations of tone in the original picture are reproduced in black and white with extreme fidelity. The statuesque simplicity and classic grace of Mr. Poynter's "Cressida" contrasts strongly with the Oriental splendour of Mr. W. J. Waterhouse's "Cleopatra." Each of them is a good rendering of the character, as well as an excellent picture. Perhaps the most attractive work in the collection, and certainly one of the best, is Sir Frederick Leighton's "Desdemona" listening to the story of Othello's life. It is an especially good example of his cultivated style, remarkable for the masterly treatment of the rich Venetian costume, as well as for the spontaneous grace of the maiden's figure, and the charmingly sympathetic expression of her lovely face. Very different but true types of Venetian beauty are to be seen in the "Portia" of Mr. Henry Woods and the "Jessica" of Mr. Luke Fildes. These and all the other plates are excellent reproductions of the original pictures. Many have fulness of tone, and are suggestive of colour, and every one of them reflects the painter's individuality of style and executive manner.



HOME.

POLITICAL.—The Secretary of State for War, addressing a large gathering of Liberal Unionists at Brigg, spoke gravely and emphatically of the long-anticipated European war as "approaching," and as destined to be one of the most sanguinary and horrible that the world had ever known. He earnestly hoped that the wisdom of our statesmen might keep us out of it, but it was well that the English people should be prepared in case it should be forced into self-defence or into action in the impending war. With an obvious reference to what Lord Wolseley said last week at Birmingham, Mr. Stanhope spoke of the inestimable advantage of our insular position, which relieved us from the necessity for a conscription. He repeated the assurances already given, that during the coming Session the Government contemplated making the Navy thoroughly adequate to meet all the new difficulties of the situation. He, too, would have to make proposals with regard to the Army. Such things as the new magazine-rifle and new guns of modern construction could not be had without costing money, and unless additional funds for the purpose of defence were placed at the disposal of the Government.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer addressed on Wednesday, in Stratford Town Hall, an enthusiastic gathering, so large that an overflow meeting had to be held, at which he afterwards spoke. Mr. Goschen dealt with Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Morley's recent programmes of social legislation, pointing out that years must elapse before these could be grappled with, since, according to the propounders of them, not only had Home Rule but a new Reform Bill to be carried first.—Sir John Kinloch is to be the Gladstonian candidate for the seat in East Perthshire vacant through the death of Mr. Menzies (G), who at the last General Election defeated the Unionist candidate by a majority of 589.

MR. PHELPS, the American Minister, was entertained at dinner by the Century Club on Tuesday, being the eve of his departure for the States. Lord Coleridge presided, and proposed his health in glowing language. Mr. Phelps, in gratefully responding, it modestly said that if he had achieved any success in this country it was largely due to the American gentlemen who live in London, and who have given to America a sort of character in the wide circle of those who know them.

MR. W. O'BRIEN, M.P., after his flight last week from the Court House at Carrick-on-Suir, escaped to England, and kept his promise to speak on Tuesday at the annual meeting of Mr. Jacob Bright with his constituents in South West Manchester. Mr. O'Brien, in a speech of the usual character, boasted of the ease with which he had evaded the Irish police, and at the close of the meeting was taken into custody and removed to Ireland.—Mr. Sheehy, M.P., having been sentenced at Limerick to six months' imprisonment under the Crimes Act, and having given notice of appeal, was not sooner liberated on bail than he was re-arrested on other charges and taken to Limerick Gaol, bail being refused.—Mr. John Powell, editor of the *Midland Tribune and Tipperary Standard*, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment—this time with hard labour—for publishing an intimidating article meant to prevent the tenants on an estate from paying their rents. He appealed, and would have been liberated, but having said that the trial was a farce, the sentence being cut and dried, he was forthwith committed, for this contempt of Court, to Tullamore Gaol for a week.

* "Shakespeare's Heroines." (London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.)

"THE LAWN" is virtually secured for South Lambeth. The money needed is promised, so that the Committee of the Kyrle Society can make arrangements for the purchase. Now funds are wanted to lay out and fence the ground.

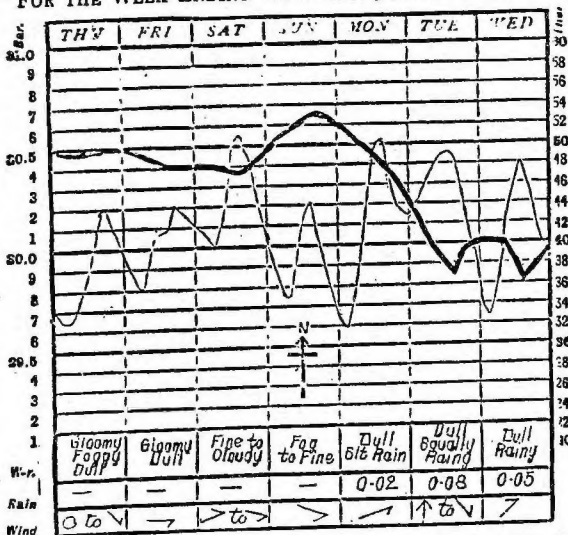
ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE, EGHAM.—At a meeting of the Governors, held last week, H.R.H. Prince Christian in the chair, it was resolved to open the Picture Gallery on Friday afternoons from two to four o'clock. No orders of admission will be required.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A meeting, presided over by the Lord Mayor, was held at the Mansion House, when resolutions were adopted in favour of Mr. Algernon Coote's proposal to collect in the metropolis 500,000 pence weekly—100,000l. per annum—and thus extinguish the debt owing by the London hospitals. Among the speakers were Mr. Coote himself, Sir Sydney Waterlow, Mr. Howell, M.P., and Canon Fleming.—The Lord Mayor again presided on Wednesday at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Mansion House for the relief of the sufferers by the famine in China, and communicated information received by him as to its intensity, and the measures being taken to cope with it. The fund was reported to amount to 5,300l.—Miss Octavia Hill, writing from 14, Nottingham Place, W., makes, through the Press, the announcement that the amount needed for securing The Lawn as a public garden for Vauxhall has been promised, so that all the Committee need before setting to work is an addition to the as yet small sum subscribed for laying out the ground.—A movement, of which Sir Joseph Pease is one of the originators, has been started for the erection of a suitable monument over the grave of the late Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., in Abney Park Cemetery, independently of that, already noticed in our columns, which has for its object the erection of a memorial of him at Tregarva, his birthplace.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Lady Hamilton-Gordon, wife of Sir Arthur Gordon, Governor of Ceylon, and eldest daughter of the late Sir John Shaw-Lefevre; in his ninetieth year, of the Marquis of Donegal, from 1843 to 1873 Dean of Raphoe; in his seventy-third year, of Sir Henry W. Dashwood, fifth Baronet, from 1883 to 1887 Lord-Lieutenant of Oxfordshire; in his fifty-seventh year, of Sir George C. O'Donnell, Bart.; at the early age of thirty-three, of Mr. R. S. Menzies, Gladstonian M.P. for East Perthshire, for which he was returned in 1885 and 1886; suddenly, in his sixty-eighth year, of Mr. James Howard, senior member of the firm of J. and F. Howard, agricultural implement makers, Bedford, his native town, of which he was thrice Mayor, and which as a Liberal he represented from 1868 to 1874, afterwards representing Bedfordshire from 1880 to 1885, well known through his speeches and writings on the politics and practice of agriculture, and as the President of the Farmers' Alliance; in his forty-eighth year, of Lieutenant-Colonel Francis J. Baker, remembered in South Africa as the founder and Commander of Baker's Horse; in his sixtieth year, of the very Rev. James Nicolson, Scotch Episcopal Dean of Brechin; of Mr. Paul F. Tidman, well known in the City as a bi-metallist and Secretary of the International Monetary Association, and as having been foremost in promoting the recent development of the aluminium industry; and in her seventy-fifth year, of Miss Louisa A. Ryland, who, inheriting much landed property in and near Birmingham, was a Lady Bountiful on her own estate and a most munificent benefactress to that city, where her property rapidly improved in value. She presented to it two parks, one of them valued at 80,000l. She gave 10,000l. in various ways to promote the usefulness of the Midland Institute. To the Birmingham School of Art, to its medical charities, and to the erection of churches she subscribed largely, giving twice for the last-named purpose two donations of 10,000l. each. It is estimated that the value of her benefactions to Birmingham did not fall far short of 180,000l.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (30th ult.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the greater part of this week the weather was mostly quiet and dry, although on the whole exceedingly dull in nearly all places, but towards the close of the time, rough, unsettled, and rainy conditions set in over the whole of the country. Between Thursday and Saturday (24th and 26th ult.) an anticyclone, in which readings slightly exceeded 30.6 inches, 26th ult.) moved steadily from the South-West of Ireland to the West of France, while by Sunday (27th ult.) this system had extended both in a Southerly and Northerly direction until it embraced nearly the whole of our Islands and the North-Sea. Meanwhile a deep depression remained consistently in the North-East. Thus, light breezes from between North and West were chiefly prevalent over our Islands, with a little rain from time to time in the West and North, exceedingly dull gloomy weather in most places, and occasional wet fogs over the Metropolitan Area. In the course of Saturday and Sunday (26th and 27th ult.) the sky cleared for a time in London as well as locally in a few other places. By Monday (28th ult.) the highest pressures had fallen over France and Germany, and the barometer over our Islands had fallen decidedly as a depression appeared off the West of Norway. The winds now drew into the South-Westward very generally, and in the course of the ensuing night freshened to gale force in the extreme North-West and over Ireland, with passing showers in most places. By Tuesday morning (29th ult.) a new and deep depression ("V" shape) had advanced from the Westward to the North of Great Britain, and was attended with strong Southerly winds and gales over Scotland, and North-Westerly gales in the West. Rain fell pretty generally, and was heavy over the South of Ireland. The depression passed away quickly to the North-Eastwards, and in its rear the winds became westerly generally, and some improvement in the night, however, a fresh depression advanced to the Shetland Isles, and strong Westerly or South-Westerly winds continued to blow in most places, with rainy, unsettled conditions generally. Temperature was well above the average generally 55° over inland and 50° at all other places. The highest daily maxima exceeded 55° over inland Scotland at the beginning of the week, and varied from 50° to 55° at the Irish and South-Coast Stations towards the close of the time, the lowest showed a few degrees of frost on different occasions pretty generally.

The barometer was highest (30.64 inches) on Sunday (27th ult.); lowest (29.82 inches) on Tuesday (29th ult.); range 0.82 inch. The temperature was highest (51°) on Saturday (26th inst.); lowest (32°) on Monday (28th ult.); range 19°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount 0.15 inch. Greatest fall on one day 0.08 inch on Tuesday (29th ult.).



A FUNICULAR RAILWAY is to be constructed in Paris up the heights of Belleville, running between the Place de la République and Belleville Church.

"BEAR'S-EAR"—a reddish brown; "tender sulphur"—a pale yellow; "water-green"; and "Iris"—a bluish violet; are some of the favourite colours in Paris this winter.

SEVILLE CATHEDRAL is reported to be in a most alarming condition—far worse than was originally anticipated. Unless the building is at once shored up and strengthened, the greater portion may come down at any moment.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL CAMBERIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS opens on Whit-Monday, June 10th, at Conway, North Wales. The Association is in a most satisfactory financial condition, owing to the success of the last exhibition.

COLLECTING TAXES UP-COUNTRY IN SOUTH AFRICA is no pleasant duty. A native chief, in arrears, recently gave notice that as soon as the collector came round in his district the objectionable official would be seized, because "his head was wanted at the chief's kraal for medicine."

THE GERMAN EMPEROR is quite determined to eradicate French influences from his surroundings. After requiring the Court bills of fare (now no longer menus) to be drawn up in German he has now prohibited all Gallic styles of cookery in favour of the national Teutonic fare, and has dismissed the French cooks from the Palace.

NIAGARA FALLS have again changed their shape. Within the last few years the Horse-Shoe or Canadian Falls have in a great measure lost the form from which they derived their name, as the rock in the centre has gradually slipped down, but after a recent and further fall they have altered from an angular into the original horseshoe curve.

THE DEFINITIVE ARRANGEMENT OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE GIFTS is now nearly finished, so that the presents will shortly be on view in the Grand Vestibule at Windsor Castle. They are mostly placed in handsome oak and glass cabinets. A fine statue of the Queen stands against the north wall of the room under a Gothic carved oak canopy to correspond with the cabinets.

MARSHAL VON MOLTKE will on March 8th complete his seventieth year of active service in the Prussian Army. The anniversary is to be kept with much ceremony, for such a jubilee is very rare. Indeed, the late Emperor William I. was the only person in this century who has yet celebrated it, as Field-Marshal von Wrangel, who also lived long enough, retired from active service before the seventy years had expired.

AN AFRICAN RED-CROSS ASSOCIATION is being organised by the King of the Belgians now that the Congo State has joined the Geneva Convention. The Association intends to found sanatoria in the most healthy parts of Africa to benefit sick persons, scientific men, and explorers, and to form depôts whence help can be sent to all districts affected by wars and massacres. King Leopold himself will provide the cost of the first station, to be situated at a point on the north-western coast.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA, who assumes the reins of office this month after his long minority, is a quiet, reserved young fellow of seventeen, very determined, decidedly clever, and somewhat obstinate. A pure Manchu, he has a large head and thin face. Owing to an impediment in his speech he speaks slowly and with difficulty, and this very obstruction furthers the young Sovereign's disposition to conceal his feelings and opinions. Possibly he may fear speaking his mind too openly lest he should share the same fate as his predecessor, Tung Chih, who died soon after he assumed the government. According to the *North China Herald*, the Emperor does not intend to be merely a puppet in the hands of his Council, but means to rule in fact as well as in name. He will allow neither his father to interfere, Prince Chun being very ambitious, nor his aunt, the Empress Dowager, who has held sway up to the present. Indeed, His Majesty is not very favourable towards the Empress Dowager, being especially offended that she has only allowed five millions of taels for his marriage expenses, whilst she spent twelve millions on his predecessor's wedding. Probably his chief counsellor will be Ung Tung Hoo, the Emperor's grand tutor for many years. Unfortunately, Ung Tung Too is a somewhat bigoted Chinese, strongly opposed to foreigners and Western ways, so that it is feared he will influence the Emperor towards a narrow and overbearing policy. Meanwhile Peking is very busy preparing for the Imperial wedding. The Court painters work at the *mun-shin* or door josses, and officials of the Han-lin Academy copy out hanging-scrolls with auspicious poetical inscriptions, which are hung in pairs on the walls.

ANOTHER SUCCESS IN EGYPTIAN DISCOVERY has been achieved by Mr. Flinders Petrie. He has succeeded in forcing a way into the sepulchral chamber of the Pyramid of Amenemhat III. at Hawara in the Fayûm, which has baffled him for many months. Last year the stone casing of the Pyramid proved so massive that the men had not pierced it when the summer heats stopped the work, and on recommencing in November Mr. Petrie was obliged to bring down skilled masons from Cairo, who bored through the roof to a thickness of 15 ft. On their penetrating into the chamber Mr. Petrie found that it was entered from the adjoining labyrinth—possibly as described by Herodotus—this plan of entering from a distance being quite unlike the other Pyramids. Altogether this first Royal tomb of the Twelfth Dynasty differs considerably from the others. The chamber is nearly monolithic, formed of one huge sandstone block, and the walls bear no inscriptions. Apparently it has been plundered, but a large and a small polished stone sarcophagus are left, the large tomb being evidently that of Amenemhat III., and the smaller that of his son Amenemhat IV., or his daughter Queen Sebakneferu, who succeeded her brother. A few fragments of boxes and alabaster vessels, one bearing the name of Amenemhat III., were scattered about. The neighbouring cemetery has lately yielded plentiful finds, including Greek deeds of the Christian period, inscriptions of the Twelfth Dynasty, and mummies with panel-portraits, like those we recently illustrated. Mr. Petrie will now try the Pyramid of Illahun, which is supposed never to have been opened.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,620 deaths were registered against 1,769 during the previous seven days, a decline of 149, being 368 below the average, and at the rate of 19.4 per 1,000. There were 83 deaths from measles (a fall of 38, but 48 above the average), 20 from scarlet fever (a rise of 1), 33 from diphtheria (a fall of 5), 24 from whooping cough (a decline of 12), 24 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 13), 10 from enteric fever, and not one from small-pox, typhus, or cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 456 (a fall of 36), and were 125 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 50 deaths: 44 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 18 from fractures and contusions, 11 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, and 8 of infants under one year of age. There were 2,599 births registered, against 2,837 the previous week, being 238 below the average.



"LAW AND ORDER"

AN AFTERNOON SCENE IN THE STREETS OF LONDON—A BUSY CROSSING



THE overwhelming nature of General Boulanger's victory on Sunday has astonished his most enthusiastic supporters, and has created a corresponding consternation amongst the Republicans. The actual events of Sunday are chronicled in our Illustration article—the result of the election being known shortly after midnight, when the figures showed 244,070 votes for Boulanger, 162,520 for Jacques, 16,760 for Boulé, and some 10,000 for miscellaneous candidates. Out of 568,697 electors, 435,860 went to the poll, and thus it may be roughly estimated that half of the inhabitants of Paris voted for the General, who moreover, from the very extent of his majority, must have secured the support of a large number of Republicans, as the Royalist and Bonapartist votes together would barely amount to 100,000—to say nothing of the great probability that a considerable number of Royalists, in deference to wishes expressed from headquarters, abstained altogether. It is this fact—the manifest defection of so many Republicans—that is looked upon as the most serious element in the whole result by the supporters of the existing Government, which is now looked upon by all as practically moribund. The comments of the Opportunist Press on Tuesday were more wrathful than dignified, and the *République Française* even put forth the astounding doctrine that the Republic is above “universal suffrage in a fit of folly,” and demanded “the establishment of a strong Government capable of saving liberty, restraining licence, and combating a dictatorship.” As for the Cabinet, M. Floquet and his colleagues at once proffered their resignations to President Carnot, who, however, declined them, and the Premier then determined to bring forward without delay Bills for the restoration once more of *Scrutin d'Arrondissement* (by which each electoral district chooses its own particular member for itself), and for “the repression of plebiscitary intrigues,” by forbidding a candidate to stand for more than one constituency. As nineteen out of twenty arrondissements in Paris accorded majorities to the General on Sunday, his success could not in any way be attributed to the now much-abused *scrutin de liste*, but the second measure is manifestly in view of the coming Dissolution, which is generally considered not to be far distant, as a Chamber elected under one electoral system could hardly continue to sit when another had come into force. If during the next election General Boulanger were permitted to stand for every constituency, this would be as much a plebiscitary appeal to the nation as those which Napoleon III. was wont to make, and it is this that M. Floquet is naturally anxious to prevent. In some quarters, however, it is urged that the Government should not dissolve the Chamber, but that to avoid any political crisis on the eve of the Exhibition the Deputies should merely vote the Budget, and adjourn to the autumn. This, however, was manifestly impossible, and M. Floquet was to introduce his measures on Thursday into the Chamber.

The Boulangerists—Royalists, Bonapartists, and Boulangerists proper—have been exceedingly jubilant throughout the week, and the “dawn of a new era” is announced “after ten years of humiliation and suffering.” There is no doubt that the General's success is due to the widespread discontent with the present unstable form of government, in which the efforts of all politicians are mainly directed towards overthrowing whatever Cabinet may be in existence at the moment, rather than towards furthering the interests of the country at large. Moreover, these interests are continually being jeopardised, both at home and abroad, by the constant struggles of all sections of Republicans for power. “Give us a strong Government,” is the almost universal cry, and it is because General Boulanger's intense personality seems to promise this, that his success is due—for, himself excepted, no man of strong individuality has appeared to attract the confidence of the masses since Gambetta's death. The General himself has kept very quiet this week, and has contented himself with issuing an address of thanks to his electors, in which he pronounces that “a national Republican party, based on the probity of its officers, and the sincerity of universal suffrage is henceforward established, and the Chamber which has fought against it with unprecedented fury, has nothing now before it but Dissolution, from which it will not escape.”

European opinion, as represented by the journals of Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, and even Russia, has pronounced General Boulanger's success to be a great misfortune for France, and a danger to the general peace of Europe. In Berlin the Republic is looked upon as having received a severe blow, and the *Post* even declares “it can no longer be regarded as a serious Government.” In Vienna this opinion is emphatically endorsed, but while some organs do not fear any international complications, as they consider that France will have enough to look after her own internal affairs, the majority of the journals think that the chances of a Franco-German War have been enhanced, as General Boulanger is the chief apostle of the *revanche* policy. These fears are echoed in Brussels, where the *Étoile Belge* urges the King to at once look to the defences of the country; in Rome France is warned that unless General Boulanger is exiled as a Pretender he will speedily become master of the position; while in St. Petersburg the situation is regarded with considerable forebodings.

In GERMANY, Prince Bismarck has delivered his long-expected speech on the East African Question, and has now made plain—what everybody practically knew before—that the Anti-Slavery Question is a mere stalking-horse to cover a far-reaching scheme for the acquisition of large and important tracts of territory in the African interior. The speech was made on the introduction of the Bill into the Reichstag demanding the sum of 130,000*l.* for “the protection of German interests and the combating of the slave trade in German East Africa.” Captain Wissmann, who has been appointed the Imperial Commissioner to carry out its provisions, opened the debate with a statistical and prospective view of East African affairs, and pointed out that, as the Sultan of Zanzibar was no longer able to preserve order in that part of his dominion leased out to the Germans, the latter must look after their own interests in their own way. It was of no use to act with mildness, and moral persuasion would have to be backed up by material force. It would be his primary care to quell the insurrection, and then to encourage trade, which he thought promised a fertile field for German enterprise. After an onslaught on the Bill on the part of the Left by Herr Bamberger, and a half-hearted speech in its favour from Dr. Windthorst on the part of the Clericals, Prince Bismarck rose, and began by laying great stress upon the all-importance of co-operation “with the greatest colonising Power in the world—with England.” “We have only acted,” he continued, “after coming to an agreement with England, and we shall not exceed the bounds of further understanding with England. I, therefore, utterly disavow all notions of acting against the Sultan of Zanzibar in opposition to England. As soon as I have the approval of England to any step that we may propose to take in the territory that has been divided among us by friendly agreement, I shall beg His Majesty to act in harmony with England. It would never occur to me to act here in opposition to England. . . . In Zanzibar as well as in Samoa we are absolutely at one with the English Government, and I am firmly resolved to continue these relations.”

Turning to the practical part of the question, Prince Bismarck rather pooh-poohed the efficiency of the blockade as a means of stopping the slave trade, but considered it of the highest importance, as proving to the natives that perfect accord existed on the subject between Germany and England, and the Prince then gave the key to his philo-Anglican utterances by declaring “that as long as we lived in rivalry with England, then neither of the two Powers would succeed in acquiring that nimbus of prestige necessary to make an impression on these black inhabitants.” Prince Bismarck urged that he had never been an enthusiast in the matter of colonisation, but that he had yielded to the pressure of public opinion, and there was now no turning back. “For a paltry sum of 100,000*l.* the Reichstag could not afford to refuse obedience to a great national impulse.” The carrying out of the policy must be entrusted to the German East African Company, which had acquired an extensive coast-line affording a firm basis for Germany for performing her share, with other European nations, of the task of opening up Africa to Christianity and civilisation. The Prince held that, in addition to the trade with the interior, the country was fitted for plantation, but warned his hearers that success was not likely to follow at once, but that future years would show that Germany had now acted wisely in profiting by her opportunities. For this and other reasons it was therefore imperative to capture and hold the coast, but it would be absurd for any one to expect Germany to abolish slavery all at once. The Bill was referred to Committee, and on Tuesday was read a second time, and finally adopted on Wednesday, no opposition being offered. The Prince's speech has made a good impression throughout Germany.—Sunday was the Emperor's thirtieth birthday, and was celebrated with much enthusiasm in Berlin—the Emperor holding a grand reception in the Schloss.—There is another little journalistic trouble brewing in Berlin, as a recent number of the staunchly conservative and highly loyal *Kreuz Zeitung* has been seized for publishing an article entitled “The Monarchical Sentiment,” which condemned the publication of the Geffcken indictment, and thus, it is stated, rendered itself guilty of the heinous crime of *lèse-majesté*.

In AUSTRIA, the sudden death of the Crown Prince on Wednesday morning has created the deepest sorrow and consternation. The news was made public in Vienna about two o'clock, and was at first received with incredulity, but bill stickers were soon seen hard at work pasting over the announcements of the Opera and Court Theatre, while, later on, the official Journal appeared with details of the Prince's death. All gaieties were immediately suspended, the Parliamentary sitting was adjourned, and the city began at once to exhibit signs of deep mourning. The body was brought to Vienna, and was to be deposited in the Capuchin Church, where lie the chief members of the Hapsburg Dynasty. A portrait and memoir of the unfortunate Prince appear in another column.

In HUNGARY, the Prince's death has also excited the most widespread grief, and in Buda Pesth the mourning was no less marked and universal than in Vienna. Even the great political excitement of the day immediately subsided. The Hungarians had been making angry protestations and demonstrations against the New Army Bill, which Count Tisza nevertheless succeeded in driving through Parliament on Tuesday. The scene in the House was most heated and turbulent, while, outside the building, the streets were thronged with angry crowds crying, “Down with Tisza.” Public feeling had been heated to boiling point by a letter from Kossuth read at a meeting of students, in which the veteran patriot declared that “Hungarians have a right and also the duty to be a nation, and to make their nation a State. An indispensable condition for this is that they should have a national army, with Hungarian colours, Hungarian commanders, and Hungarian feeling. That man is no Hungarian, and should be abhorrent, who would surrender those rights.”

In INDIA, the forthcoming report on the Crawford Commission is anxiously awaited, and meanwhile there is much discussion as to what is to be done with the native magistrates, who during the trial made the most unblushing confession of venality and corruption. They gave their evidence under a promise of Government indemnity, but, as two judges of the Bombay Court have pointed out to Lord Reay, the maintenance in their posts of magistrates, who had purchased appointments and promotion would be illegal, while the administration of justice would greatly suffer were these men to continue to sit in judgment upon others. Poor Lord Reay is consequently on the horns of a very serious dilemma.—The Looshai Expedition is completing its preparations, and will probably advance in a few days. The Sangal H'lang will be permanently occupied, and the advanced frontier post on this mountain will dominate the whole of the Shendu territory.—The negotiations on the Tibetan Question have recommenced with China, which has sent Mr. James Hart, an Englishman in the Chinese service, to Calcutta, armed with express instructions to make every endeavour to conclude a satisfactory and peaceful settlement.—In BURMA, the Kachyen punitive force under Lieutenant O'Donnell occupied Kamein on January 11th. The stockade was shelled by the mountain guns, while the Infantry fired volleys. The Kachyens speedily fled, and the town was occupied without loss. Small-pox has unfortunately broken out amongst the Goorkhas, and the expedition will be somewhat delayed in its operations. In the Karennee district political arrangements for a settlement of the country are going forward. Sawlapaw's hiding-place is unknown, but many of the minor Chiefs are submitting. Mr. Colquhoun has inflicted a severe defeat on the dacoit band which was troubling Momein, and has broken up the advanced guard of the so-called Sawyanonni Prince.

In the UNITED STATES public opinion is greatly excited on the Samoan Question, and the Government is loudly urged to intervene between Germany and the unfortunate islanders. A Bill has been introduced into the Senate providing for 100,000*l.* to be used at once by the President to protect the interests of the United States in Samoa, and 20,000*l.* to build a coaling station in the harbour of Pago Pago, the site for which was granted to the Americans in 1877 for a term of ten years—now of course expired. There were some sharp speeches in the Senate on Wednesday, Senator Sherman taxing Germany with organising the rebellion in Samoa, and Senator Dolph declaring that the Monroe doctrine should be applied to Samoa. Mr. Bayard, however, in a published conversation, has declared himself practically powerless. Malietoa, the deposed King, was not an American citizen; American rights had in no way been invaded; the American flag, which was fired upon, had not been hoisted to protect American property; and the Germans in Samoa were confronted with pretty much the same situation as were the United States with Hayti. They claimed that the Samoans had broken treaty engagements, as had the Haytians, and that they had the right to punish them. President Cleveland also states that another Conference between Germany and the United States has been proposed by Prince Bismarck. The agitation is manifestly got up by the same clique of politicians who caused the Sackville troubles, and whose aim is to injure Secretary Bayard in the eyes of the country.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—In ITALY Parliament has been opened by the King, who announced measures for educational and judicial reforms, and spoke of the importance of maintaining a strong army and fleet, which form “the affirmation of our unity and the guarantee of our independence.”—In SERBIA, King Milan has at length formed a Ministry. It is presided over by General Sava Gruitch, and is of an entirely Radical hue.—In RUSSIA, the journals are beginning to throw off the mask with regard to Captain

Atchinoff's alleged missionary expedition to Abyssinia, which recently disembarked at Tadjurah. The *Novoye Vremya* now points out the importance which Abyssinia would have for Russia as a formidable instrument capable of being turned, in case of need, against the “mercantile States of Europe.” These, being interpreted, doubtless mean Germany and England.—In AUSTRALIA the Australasian Federal Council began its sittings at Melbourne on Tuesday.



HER MAJESTY inspected the First Battalion of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, and received the chief officers of the regiment at Osborne House, at the close of last week. The Marchioness of Ava and Dufferin was also invested by the Queen with the Order of Victoria and Albert. On Saturday Her Majesty drove through West Cowes, while in the evening the Bishop of Ripon arrived on a visit and dined with the Royal party, also officiating at Divine Service before Her Majesty, the Empress Frederick, and the Royal Family, on Sunday morning. On Monday the new Bishop of Oxford did homage to the Queen on his appointment, subsequently receiving from Her Majesty the chain and badge of Chancellor of the Order of the Garter. The Queen also gave audience to Viscount Cranbrook, and in the evening entertained at dinner Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, to take leave on their departure for the United States, Lord Cranbrook joining the party. On Tuesday the Queen held a Council, when Baron H. de Worms and Mr. Leonard Courtney were sworn in members. The carriage intended for the Queen's use during her stay at Biarritz was despatched from Windsor on Tuesday. Her Majesty will travel under the title of the Countess of Balmoral.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have returned to Norfolk from Yorkshire. The Prince left Aske Hall a day earlier than the Princess, and stayed in town to attend a meeting of the Standing Committee of the British Museum Trustees on Saturday morning, and to receive Mr. Phelps to bid him farewell. Being joined by the Princess later in the day, he accompanied his wife back to Sandringham, where Prince George and the three Princesses had remained during their parents' absence. On Sunday the Royal party attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene, where the Rev. F. Hervey preached. The Prince goes to the Riviera in about a fortnight, and will stay at the Réunion at Cannes, possibly for three weeks.—Prince Albert Victor has been staying this week with Mr. Wentworth at Wentworth Castle, near Barnsley, Yorkshire.

The Duke of Edinburgh will return to England in his flagship, the *Alexandra*, and will leave Malta on April 5th. The Duchess will travel overland, visiting the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir at Cannes on her way. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess of Oldenburg, were splendidly received at Hyderabad during their visit to the Nizam last week. They stayed four days, and among other festivities were entertained at a monster banquet at the City Palace, while the Duke inspected the troops and breakfasted in the Bala Hissar Fort. Though much better, the Duke still suffers from his sprained knee, and is rather lame, nor can he mount his horse yet. The Duke of Cambridge is travelling in Spain as the Duke of Culloden.—The Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Alix having gone to St. Petersburg to stay with the Grand Duchess Sergius, there are fresh rumours of the engagement between the Princess and the Czarevitch. Other reports speak of the Princess Militza of Montenegro as the intended bride.



LITTLE HEGNER.—Master Otto Hegner, whose *début* last summer created so much excitement, has returned to London after having spent some months in further study under his teacher, Professor Hüber, of Bâle. That he has improved in power and style may be taken for granted. Amongst other things, he is nearly a year older, and, moreover, he has largely increased his repertory, which last summer was found rather limited. On Monday he gave his first recital at Prince's Hall. The most important item of his programme was Beethoven's *Waldstein* sonata, and, although in the first movement the boy seemed perplexed by the hurried pace at which he had been taught to take it, yet his reading of the familiar *finale* was far superior to that which we have been accorded at the hands of many adults of eminence. His Chopin playing is, of course, in one so young less satisfactory, and there is no doubt that, for the present, this remarkably gifted boy will be well advised to keep to the classical rather than to the romantic repertory. Indeed, his playing of “Partita” in B flat (misprinted B major in the programme), from the set of German suites was the best thing of the afternoon.

ENGLISH OPERA.—It was hardly a wise step on the part of the management of the Olympic Theatre to commence a new season of English Opera with so hackneyed a work as *Mariana*. Moreover, no pains had been taken adequately to mount the work, and both orchestra and chorus were small, and otherwise inferior to those to which we are accustomed in the metropolises. On the other hand, Miss Perry, Messrs. Pope and Smith, who had already gained experience in the Carl Rosa company, did their best, and Mr. Victor as Don José and Miss Fenn as the page sang exceedingly well. The *Bohemian Girl* is promised as the next production, but the Directors would do well to break new ground as soon as practicable.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—At the Popular Concert on Saturday, Beethoven's Quintet in C, Op. 29, and his Sonata in G, one of the set dedicated to the Russian Emperor Alexander, began and ended the programme. Both works are among the most familiar items of the Popular Concert repertory. Lady Hallé was the violinist; and Miss Janotha played Schumann's *Carnaval*, and for an encore his *Arabesque* in C. Miss Fanny Davies on Monday performed Schumann's *Fantaisiestücke*, Op. 11, which had not before been given in their entirety at these concerts. The set of three pieces do not belong to Schumann's happiest period, although they are popular among pianists, particularly in Germany. For an encore, Miss Davies played Mendelssohn's *Capriccio* in E Minor, Op. 16, No. 2. A new Sonata in F, for violoncello and piano, by Signor Piatti, was also performed for the first time by the composer and Miss Davies. The music is creditable, if not particularly great, but the “Romanza,” which forms the middle movement, is charming by its very melodiousness. Miss Lehmann was too ill to sing, and Miss Margaret Hall took her place.

DEATH OF MADAME DOLARO.—The death is announced from New York of the well-known vocalist, Madame Selina Dolaro. The lady's real name was Simmons, she was the daughter of a violinist in the orchestra, and was educated in Paris. She made

her *début* at the Lyceum, in 1870, in *Chilpéric*, and, after gaining celebrity in opera-bouffe, she took the Folly Theatre, and produced English versions of *Les Dragons de Villars*, *La Périole*, and other works. She was also engaged by Mr. Carl Rosa, and played the titular character in the English version of *Carmen*, in which she gained great popularity. About eight years ago she settled in the United States, and had just won a satisfactory position when she was seized with consumption, and was compelled to quit the musical profession. She has since gained her livelihood by writing novels and plays, and was also helped by her daughters, one of whom has already gained favour in America as an actress.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—At Bow, on Saturday, Dr. Bridge's *Callithée* was given by the Local Choir. This is said to be its twenty-fifth performance since its production at the Birmingham Festival last October.—Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* is being given in concert form at Portman Rooms, one act being performed each in afternoon, and the orchestra being replaced by a piano. It is hardly necessary to describe such an affair.—Mr. Jerome Hopkins' Bible opera *Samuel* was performed at Prince's Hall on Monday evening; soloists, band, and chorus, being, to an individual, amateurs.—The usual Scottish Concerts in honour of Burns' Birthday were given at St. James's and the Albert Halls on Friday. At the former the London Scottish Choir made a successful appearance.—On Monday the new Hampstead Conservatoire of Music, at the Swiss Cottage, was opened with a performance of the *Golden Legend*.—Miss Aldridge, a pupil of Jenny Lind, and late a scholar at the Royal College of Music, gave a miscellaneous concert on Tuesday.—On Tuesday, at the London Symphony Concert, Mr. MacCunn conducted his *Land of the Mountain and the Flood*, and a new and agreeable, but not very ambitious, ballad for violin by Mr. Henschel was played by Mr. Wessely.—On Wednesday Miss Dora Bright gave her first recital, and in the evening there was a Ballad Concert, at which Mr. Sims Reeves was once more too ill to appear, but Mr. Lloyd sang a new song, "A Golden Argosy," by Miss Hope Temple, and was, of course, encoored.—The performances of Mr. Eaton Fanning's choir continue to be warmly appreciated.—At the Ladies' Concert of the Bohemian Musical Society given at the Crystal Palace on the 24th ult. Miss Ghita Auber Corri, daughter of the late Henry Corri, of English opera fame, appeared. She has a well-trained soprano voice of excellent quality.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Mr. Augustus Harris last week engaged in Paris, for his forthcoming season of the Royal Italian Opera, M. Talazac, the well-known tenor of the Opéra Comique, and Mlle. Eliza Lita, a soprano, who will play Juliet to the Romeo of M. Jean De Reszké.—Mr. Cowen will remain an extra week in Australia, and consequently will not be in London till March 25th, too late for the first Philharmonic Concert.—It is reported that Dr. Richter will conduct the last two performances of the Berlin Philharmonic Society, in place of Dr. von Bülow, who is about to start on a tour in the United States.—The celebrated Wagnerian tenor, Albert Niemann, has suddenly retired from the German stage. His last performance was abandoned in order to avoid the excitement of a public farewell. He has been pensioned by the Berlin Opera authorities, and, after a few performances in America, will make his final appearance.—Madame Patti will sail for South America on the 4th prox. It is not unlikely that, after her return next winter, she will again appear at the Paris Opéra, and may even create the part of *Rassia* in M. Delibes' new opera.—Mr. Cellier's new comic opera, *Dorcas*, now in rehearsal at the Lyric, will be produced in mid-April.—John Smith, by Messrs. Law and Caldicott, produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Monday, is a slight farcical sketch, in which an Italian image-modeller, named Tito Pallazza, to his astonishment, discovers that his real name is John Smith, and that he is entitled to a legacy of 5,000*l.* The libretto is nonsensical, but Mr. Caldicott's music is pretty, and, in the instance of a well-written sextet, is exceedingly good.



THE ELIGIBILITY OF WOMEN TO BE COUNTY COUNCILLORS will be tested by a Court of Law, Mr. Beresford Hope having filed a petition against the return of Lady Sandhurst for the Brixton Division.

THE PARNELLISM AND CRIME COMMISSION.—The proceedings on Tuesday this week were far from lively, most of the day being taken up with the reading of speeches made by incensed Irish Nationalist leaders. On Wednesday this task was proceeded with, but the examination of a witness was interpolated, that of Mr. W. G. Hanley, an estate agent, resident in Tipperary, who gave evidence to the effect that he lived on the best of terms with his tenants and neighbours until after the establishment of the Land League, when he was boycotted during several years for refusing to give abatement of rent, which he considered unreasonable. This witness also described the intense fear of punishment by the League, which was displayed by the tenants who did duly pay their rents.

AN ACTION FOR LIBEL was tried this week before Mr. Justice Field and a special jury, in which the publisher of the *Standard* was defendant and a firm of colonial merchants in the City were plaintiffs, as financial agents of the Otago Dock Trust. The alleged libel was a letter, signed by its writer, which appeared in the *Standard*, and in which considerable doubt was thrown on the financial soundness of the Trust. It was headed, "The old and other feasibility of the Trust." The defendant following sounds a note of warning to investors. The defendant pleaded that the plaintiffs had not been libelled, and that what had been published was a fair and reasonable comment on a matter of public interest. The jury returned a verdict for the defendant.

A WARNING has been given by the Queen's Bench Division to Magistrates not to treat the recent important decision of the Court of Appeal, in a North of England licensing case, more than once referred to in this column, as placing absolutely at their discretion the renewal of licences. At the annual Licensing Meeting of Justices at Congleton, the tenant of a fully-licensed beer-house, not having received any notice, was absent; but its owner happened to be present, and applied for a renewal of the licence as a matter of course. After some conversation with a policeman, the Justices refused it. The tenant applying to the Queen's Bench Division for a *mandamus* to the Magistrates to renew the licence, the Court granted it. Lord Coleridge remarked that the "discretion" allowed to the Justices was a judicial discretion, to be exercised according to the forms of a law; and that for the Justices, without any notice, to call up a policeman and have a little conversation with him in an under-tone, and then to refuse to renew a man's licence without giving him the opportunity of saying a word, was a travesty of a judicial proceeding which could not possibly be maintained.

CHILDREN ON THE STAGE AND THE SCHOOL-BOARD.—The legality of employing in the pantomimes, &c., children not certified as having passed the requisite standards, was discussed before the Croydon magistrates. The London School Board prosecuted, the defendants being the Crystal Palace Company and their theatrical manager, as responsible for the employment in their pantomime of children so situated, and withdrawn during the performances from

attendance at Board Schools. A test case was taken, that of a girl between ten and thirteen. For the defendants it was pleaded and proved that they engaged two certificated teachers, who gave daily efficient instruction for several hours to the children employed in the pantomime. The girl herself was examined in arithmetic and reading by the magistrates, who complimented her on the result. Nevertheless, they decided that she had not been sufficiently educated, and fined the defendants 2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* costs. The other cases were adjourned to allow the company to improve their arrangements.—During the hearing, at Marlborough Street Police Court, of summonses against parents for not sending their children to school, it appeared that some of them were employed in the Drury Lane Pantomime; and it was stated on the part of Mr. Augustus Harris that for such children he had established an efficient school in the theatre, which they attended regularly. After disposing of the summonses, the Magistrate expressed a fear that the School Board would deprive us of pantomimes, although he himself was rather beyond the age for going to them.—Similar summonses, taken out at the instance of the London School Board, having come before the Westminster Police Magistrate, he remarked that as many of the elder children engaged in theatres seemed to be receiving a great deal of instruction and to be well cared for, it did seem rather hard that they should not have the opportunity of earning a little money at Christmas time. The performances did not last many weeks, and it was very difficult to get a living in these days.

A CERTAIN CLASS of frequenters of billiard-rooms in licensed premises have had a blow dealt them in a decision given this week by Mr. Baron Huddleston and Mr. Justice Wills in a special case stated for them by the Norwich Magistrates. They have held that any game at billiards played for money—i.e., money other than that paid for the use of the table—is "gaming" within the meaning of the Licensing Act, and therefore illegal when played in licensed premises. If this decision is left unchallenged, an end will be put to the game of billiards known as pool when played in places licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors.



A STATUE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR has been promised by the Queen for the great screen in Winchester Cathedral, now in course of renovation.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, in a letter to the Archdeacon of the Diocese, expresses the hope that the Clergy will give their congregations a speedy opportunity of responding to the Lord Mayor's appeal on behalf of the China Famine Relief Fund, adding, "this is a case in which without speed the gift is no gift."—The Archbishop of York also recommends collections for the same fund to be made at once in every Diocese, Parish Church, and house in his Province. Four shillings, His Grace says, will, it seems, save a life.

A LARGE HOUSE IN BERKELEY SQUARE having been presented by the Rev. H. A. Daniel as a residence for the new Bishop of Bristol, there remains only about 25,000*l.* to be raised in order to complete the endowment of the See.

SOME OF THE LAITY OF THE DIOCESE OF LINCOLN are forming a fund to meet the expense which his impending prosecution will entail upon its Bishop. Canons Bright and Paget, of Christ Church, Oxford, suggest the formation of a similar fund outside the Diocese of Lincoln, and are ready to receive subscriptions to it.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY has been rescued from the fate which seemed very recently imminent, of falling into the hands of a speculative purveyor of popular entertainments. At a cost of some 10,000*l.* it has been purchased by Colonel North, "the Nitrate King," and by him presented to the neighbouring town of Leeds, of which he is a native. The Abbey was founded in the twelfth century, and after the Reformation it suffered comparatively little from the sordid dilapidation which completed the decay of so many similar structures. Dr. Whitaker, the historian of Whalley and editor of Thoresby's "Leeds," called it "the most picturesque and beautiful ruin in the kingdom."

MR. JOHN G. TALBOT, M.P. for the University of Oxford, is appointed an Ecclesiastical Commissioner, in succession to the late Viscount Eversley.



THE SEASON.—The wheat-plant for the most part continues to present an entirely satisfactory appearance, but in a few places it is too thick, as well as too forward. Some farmers, when this happens, let their sheep have a run over it. The sheep like the young blades very much, and they fertilise the soil, but then the trampling is liable to cause the ground to cake together, and the blades are eaten too close off. Therefore, other farmers have recourse to the harrow. This thins out the plants, but it does not check too-forward growth, and the idea that the weaker plants will be those pulled up is not always realised. Too frequently it is the stronger plants of which the harrow gets hold. A fair amount of ploughing has been done during January, but, owing to the absence of frost, the land has become very stiff, and the plough proves so heavy to draw that an extra horse has often been needed. The fine weather has encouraged grain-threshing, and last week the market deliveries were very large of barley, as well as being liberal of wheat and oats. Prices have naturally been adversely affected by this pressure of grain on sale in mid-winter, especially at a time when, owing to the mildness of the season, wants are below the average. These heavy threshings seem to have increased the belief in the barley as well as the wheat-crop of 1888 having been of a deficient quantity. Oats, which were expected to exceed the average, barely attain a mean, and the black oats lack the fine, glossy, jet-black colour which attracts the eyes of the seed-merchant. White oats, however, are usually of a good colour. Turnips, a fair crop in oats, are disappointing in Scotland, where they are very largely grown. The average yield of turnips is usually equal to that attained in England. North of the Tweed twelve tons seems about the average this season. Straw sold off the farm is not about the average this season. The quality of the hay is so proving very remunerative to the farmer, and the demand for hay is less than usual. The quality of the hay is so inferior that cattle will eat almost anything else in preference; happy are those farmers who adopted the ensilage system, and have succulent and nutritious food preserved by this process to give to their stock. The season, of course, is very favourable in its mildness, without rain, for early lambing, but frosts later on will, we fear, be all the more severely felt. The price of cattle and sheep is now satisfactory, and a better demand for milk is

reported. The prices obtained for butter and cheese, however, are not very encouraging to the dairy-farmer.

IRELAND is stated by the official estimators to have grown the following quantities of agricultural produce to each ten acres under the staple in question. Wheat 138 cwt., oats 138 cwt., barley 158 cwt., rye 134 cwt., flax 36 cwt., potatoes 620 cwt., turnips 2,260 cwt., mangolds 2,580 cwt., and hay 460 cwt. Compared with the decimal average, the crops which have yielded well are oats, barley, rye, mangolds, hay, and flax; those wherein deficiency is revealed are wheat, potatoes, and turnips. The acreage under the crops yielding satisfactorily was 2,556,000 acres larger than that of the unsatisfactory yields, but the poor quality of the hay and barley is a drawback from a good yield in bulk, and the deficiency in the potato crop is always more serious than it looks, as statistics do not reveal the fact that the principal growers of this tuber are the poorer classes of agriculturists.

THE FARMERS' CLUB have a lively programme before them. Mr. Herbert Little is the chairman for the year, and 4th February (Monday next) Mr. Clare Sewell Read will speak on the Corn Returns, a subject which has been debated in a Royal Commission, and out of it, with no very satisfactory results being attained. On 4th March, Mr. F. Street brings up the burning subject of Protection; while on 1st April Mr. F. J. Cooke is to criticise the way in which agricultural experiments are conducted. The advantages of selling cattle by live weight will be considered on 29th April, on the motion of Mr. Westley Richards; and then the Club adjourns for the dislocating, and to our mind unnecessarily long, vacation, 1st May to 1st November. On the 4th November the members resume with the Fruit question, introduced by Mr. Faunce de Laune; and on the 9th of December, the "Education of Future Farmers" will be the subject of a paper from the pen of Mr. Druce. The meetings are held at 4 P.M., at the Salisbury Hotel, Fleet Street.

TENNIS LAWNS attended to in February will repay the attention when the later spring calls forth the players, who are now absorbed in other sports. Any relaying or renovating should now be done, and some manure may well be given to all lawns. Mulchings, with finely-sifted mixtures of manure, road sand, and loam are best, though even stable-sweepings will prove beneficial. The rougher portions, however, must be raked off, otherwise they will cause small bare spots. Lasting reserves of root food, such as manure alone can well supply, are the cause why some lawns remain elastic and do not crack, while others are baked and hard.

PROFESSOR WRIGHTSON, in a recent address on the agricultural situation, said the prospects of improvement were very considerable. The period of the greatest foreign competition—a competition which reached its height in 1883—had passed. Another prospect was that the growing population of England would cause an advance in the price of wheat. The American agriculturist was persistently losing in producing wheat. Another point was the revival in general trade in its bearing upon agriculture. The first effect would be to raise freights, and, through increasing the cost of foreign grain, secure the farmer a better price for home produce. Finally, he thought that, after the bad cycle through which we had passed, there were substantial hopes of an improvement in the seasons.

A CURIOSITY OF BRITISH WEATHER is revealed to us in the paper just issued by Mr. G. J. Symons, of the Royal Society. While 1888 was a dismally wet year for most dwellers in Eastern and Southern England, it was drier than usual in the North and North-West. In the Cambrian hills, where 135 inches fall usually, only 120 inches fell in 1888, while at Hull 24 inches only were registered against 29 as an average, and at Arncliffe, in Yorkshire, a station about midway between Cumberland and Hull, the average of 61 inches was not reached by 8 inches, the rain gauge recording for 1888 53 inches only. What induced the rain to travel eastward and southward, and to come just in the best months of the year, is more than Mr. Symons can tell us, but his figures show that the total rainfall for the United Kingdom, so far as it can be estimated, was not so much excessive in itself, as abnormal and unfortunate in its distribution.



A VALUABLE paper is contributed to the *Universal Review* by Mr. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University, on "The Future of Canada." His view is that if a satisfactory basis for commercial relations between the United States and Canada can be effected, such other relations as may be required at the end of a few decades would be brought about without any conflict between any of the contract-party—the Federal Union, Great Britain, or the Dominion. But then the chances and changes of a "few decades" may make prophecy look absurd.—Mr. H. W. Lucy will entertain many with "Orators in the House, and Others." He will astonish some with the following:—"Excepting Mr. Gladstone, I know of only three men in the present House of Commons who have the oratorical faculty. They are the Speaker, Mr. Bradlaugh, and Mr. O'Brien." He gives a strikingly vivid description of the way in which Mr. Gladstone is once on his feet in the House of Commons his self-possession leaves little to be desired. But when in times of great pressure, badgered by inconsiderable persons on the opposite benches, the great orator, the statesman, who towers head and shoulders above any who sit around him, or before him, falls into a condition of mind and body that excites the mocking laughter of his opponents and the sorrow and regret of his friends.—We may also mention Mrs. Kennard's "Hunting in the Midlands" and Professor St. George Mivart's "Beauty and Evolution."

The *Century* opens with a paper, by Miss Fanny Field Hering, on "Gérôme, the Artist," whose "Napoleon before the Sphinx" forms the frontispiece of the magazine, while the letterpress is adorned with woodcuts of the interior of Gérôme's house; and amongst the other illustrations is an effective one from his picture of the "Death of General Ney."—Mr. George Kennan's Siberian Series is concerned this month with "The Exiles of Irkutsk," in which city the writer was much aided by a remarkably intelligent and courteous chief of police, Captain Makofski.—Those who are anxious about danger from fire will derive some amount of information from Mr. Edward Atkinson's detailed and elaborately illustrated paper on "Slow-Burning Construction."

There are many good descriptive papers in *Harper*, which opens with an interesting account of "The Hôtel Drouot," the great auction mart of Paris, by Mr. Theodore Child. It may be mentioned that such splendours of the Summer Palace as escaped the flames, the library of the Emperor of China, his rare mantles of blue fox-skins, his sceptre of jade, and his ceremonial robes embroidered with writhing dragons, were sold at the Hôtel Drouot.—"Dakota" is attractively described by Mr. P. F. Mc Clure, who indulges in glowing praise of its winter climate.—Two other good travel papers are "Norway and its People," by Mr. Björnsterne Björnson, and Mr. Henry Ballantine's "Nepaul, the Land of the Gorkhas."

The amusing sketch by Mr. Henry J. Barker in *Longman*, entitled "Studies of Elementary School Life," is this month brought to a conclusion. Its second part is not less entertaining than the first.



Dennis Tobin, ex-Moonlighter, who gave evidence as to the alleged connection between outrages and the League



Mr. Tom Hughes, Q.C., in Court



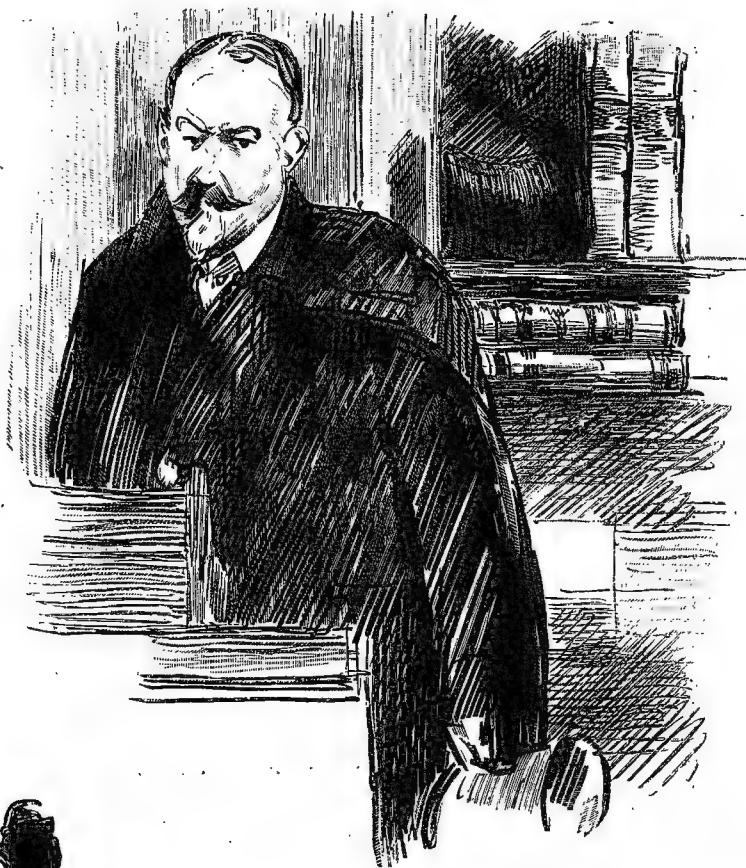
Sir Charles Russell in a "Moment of Inspiration"



Mr. G. M. Byrne, M.P. for West Wicklow



Mr. Ilbert, who drafted the Bill for the Parnell Commission



Mr. Phil Callan



"O. K." (Madame de Novikoff) in Court



Mr. Roger Eykyn, formerly M.P. for Windsor



Mr. J. R. Cox, M.P. for East Clare



Madame di Venturi, a Constant Attendant



Lady Jessel in Court



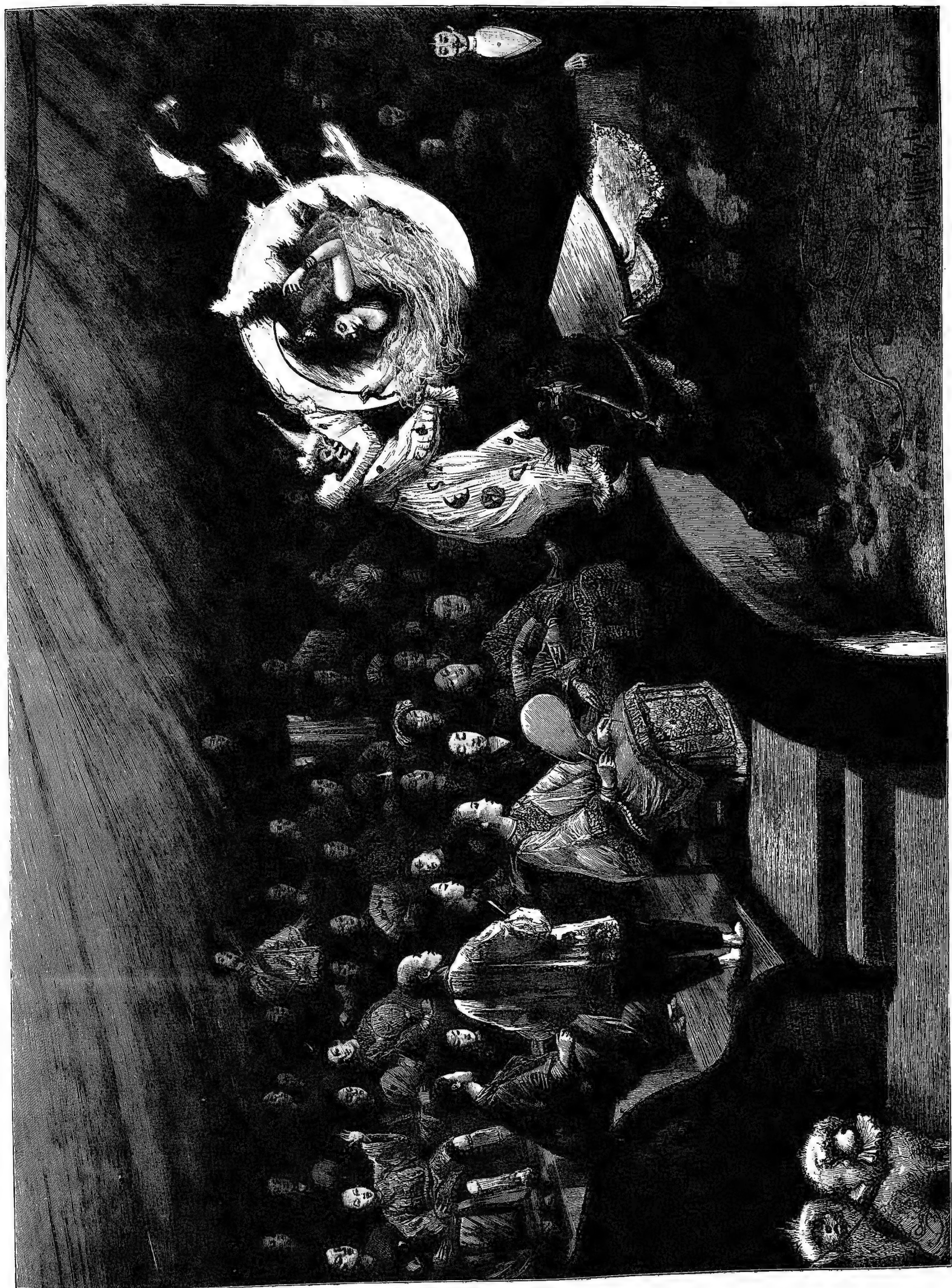
Major Leech, Captain of the Irish Rifle Team



Captain Sack, Divisional Magistrate: "I think that the Land League encouraged outrages"

THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



THE ADVANCE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION—A EUROPEAN TRAVELLING CIRCUS AT HONG KONG, CHINA

Among a lot of quotable matter, we take this from little Tom's essay on his visit to the Zoological Gardens:—"The lion is yellor, but not so yellor as in the picter-book wot the Board gev me. He looks at yer through the bars like as wot he was saying, 'You think as you can fight, don't yer, little boy, coz you no I can't get out, all coz of this bloomin kage. If I could only skweez through, I'd swallow you and yer mother too.'—Very bright, and whimsically humorous is Mr. F. Anstey's poem, "The Bachelor: a Study in Strained Sentiment."

Cornhill contains a criticism of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," not Mr. Irving's, which is intelligent and well-informed.—"A Good Man's Dilemma" is a cleverly conceived story; while "Sentry-Go," if it has any foundation in fact, is strikingly weird.

In the *Woman's World*, "Ouida" has a lament on "War," which, as she observes, still "is using up its human material with fierce recklessness and cruel waste, and the continual state of expectation of war is crippling and stifling the freedom of human life." In passing, however, she makes a fierce attack on the way the Germans conducted war in 1870-71, which has not generally been reputed worse than that of the French at Jena, and after.—Mrs. Oscar Wilde contributes a pleasant paper, much illustrated from old prints, on "Muffs."—Mr. Oscar Browning writes a sonnet to "Bournemouth," which he thus apostrophises:—

If sand-hills swept by ocean-nourished breeze,
Near English homes and groves of odorous pine,
Trim playgrounds laid in turf-enamelled clime,
And health-browned faces have a power to please—
Then come to Bournemouth.

Among other contributors are Mrs. E. Pender-Cudlip, Miss F. Layard, and the author of "How to be Happy, though Married."

In *Murray* the Dowager Lady de Ros completes her "Personal Recollections of the Great Duke of Wellington." Among many other curious anecdotes is this:—The Emperor Paul, meeting an Englishman one day in St. Petersburg, who did not take off his hat to him, inquired the reason, and on being told that he was short-sighted, he issued a decree, which the Duke saw, ordering the Englishman to wear spectacles for the rest of his life.—Professor Lloyd Morgan has a good popular paper on "Snakes;" while Miss Lawrence Alma Tadema has an excellent short story, "Thrice Three."—Mr. William Archer is severely critical in "Macbeth and Common Sense;" but he declares that it is really interesting to the student of the stage to see a great tragedy transposed very cleverly and ingeniously into a domestic drama.

Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy tells in his usual readable fashion in *Temple Bar* the story of Miss Fanny Burney, under the title of "A Fashionable Authoress of the Last Century."—To the same class of biographical essay belongs "Three Notable Englishwomen," where the careers and characteristics of Susannah Taylor, Sarah Austin, and Lucie Austin, are ably dealt with by Mr. W. Fraser Rae.

Macmillan is opened by Professor Goldwin Smith with an article on "The American Commonwealth," a review of Mr. Bryce's recent work. He thinks Mr. Bryce misinformed where he treats of Canada, and mistaken in some of his views of her relations present and to come with the United States; but he still expresses his sense of the great importance and value of Mr. Bryce's work.—Canon Ainger writes an attractive paper concerning the literary associations of "Nether Stowey."—"Home Rule in India" is the title of a thoughtful and suggestive article, by Mr. Stephen Wheeler, who is of opinion that, limited as the present native agitation may be now to a narrow class, it may expand, if not properly dealt with, into a movement fraught with the greatest danger.

The principal article in *Scribner* is "Walter Scott at Work," for which Ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell, furnishes an agreeable introduction, where he tells how Scott's proof-sheets of "Peveril of the Peak" came into his possession twenty years ago—containing "various readings in texts, additions, suppressions, explanations, and discussions between Scott and Ballantyne."—There is a capital paper on "Old Vauxhall Gardens," by Mr. Austin Dobson, which is illustrated with numerous woodcuts from interesting old prints.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is an etching by M. Boileau from Mariano Fortuny's painting of "The Snake Charmer." Very generally interesting will be found "Art in the Theatre: Spectacle," by Mr. Augustus Harris, illustrated also with two striking scenes from the Drury Lane *Armada* and *Puss in Boots*.—In Mr. C. N. Williamson's "Illustrated Journalism in England" there are this month some curious reproductions of early newspaper illustration, notably one from a *St. James's Chronicle* of 1765.

A charming chromo-lithograph forms the frontispiece of the *Art Journal*. It is called "My Little Model," and is reproduced from the picture by Ludwig Passini. The work is from the Chromo-lithographic Art-Studio in connection with the Female School of Art in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, and it is certainly the best work yet issued from that school.—Mr. W. J. Loftie's valuable series "The Royal Palaces" treats this month of "The Palace of Windsor."



THE TURF.—The weights and acceptances for the Spring Handicaps have been published. For the Lincolnshire Handicap, Fullerton heads the list with 8 st. 12 lbs., Acme being next with 5 lbs. less. Veracity, last year's winner, which has 8 st. 4 lbs., has already been backed at 25 to 1, and the same price has been taken about Wise Man (7 st. 8 lbs.) and Abeyance (7 st. 1 lb.). Fullerton has the same weight as above in the City and Suburban. In the Kempton Park Great "Jubilee" Stakes, Friar's Balsam has 9 st. 1 lb., showing that the handicapper believes him to have returned to his two-year-old form. Let us hope he is right.

For the Grand National, Ballot Box heads the list with 12 st. 7 lbs. Playfair, last year's victor, has 11 st. 9 lbs., and of other former winners we may note Roquefort (12 st.), Gamecock (11 st. 12 lbs.), Voluptuary (11 st. 3 lbs.), and Old Joe (11 st.). Poor old Frigate, who has been second so often, has 11 st. 4 lbs. At the time of writing, Et Cetera (10 st. 13 lbs.) the German horse, over whose recent disqualification there was so much talk, was favourite.

At Manchester, on Tuesday, the chief event, the Handicap Steeplechase, fell to Spahi, and a Selling Hunters' Steeplechase to Sir C. Hartopp's Londoner. Sir Charles scored again next day with Blue Godfrey in a Selling Handicap Hurdle Race, but Londoner was beaten by Captain Middleton's Punjab (owner up) in a Hurdle Race Plate. Sophist won the Trafford Park Handicap Steeplechase, and Prince Frederick the January Hurdle Race.

FOOTBALL.—The Corinthians had a busy day of it on Saturday, when they played Preston North End at Leyton, and Notts Forest at the Oval. Some 7,000 people paid their sixpences to see the match between the crack amateur and professional teams, and were rewarded by seeing a grand game, which the Corinthians would probably have won but for their bad shooting. The North End only once broke through the defence of the brothers Walters at back and W. R. Moon in goal, and eventually won by one goal to none. At the Oval, where the counter-attraction and the shilling entrance-

fee combined to make the attendance somewhat "slim," the Corinthians had their revenge, and beat the "Forest" by two to one. In League matches, Aston Villa and West Bromwich Albion drew, and Bolton Wanderers scored an unexpected victory over Blackburn Rovers. Oxford University have beaten Berks and Bucks, but succumbed to West Bromwich Albion and the Corinthians. Of other Association news, we may note that the Aston Villa Club is to be turned into a limited company; that Blackburn Olympic, once winners of the Association Cup, are going to break up, owing to the expense of employing professionals, and become an amateur body once more (good luck to them); that the elder Ross is to leave Everton next season and return to his old love, Preston North End; and that the Football League and its humble rival, the Football Combination, are going to be amalgamated.—Rugby-wise, there is little to be reported. The New Zealanders have inflicted a severe defeat upon Somersetshire, who seem to have greatly fallen off; Blackheath have again beaten Richmond; and the Old Leysians have added a victory over the Royal Naval College to their list of successes. North v. South is to be played to-day (Saturday) at Bradford.

COURSING.—All the talk in this department of sport seems just now to centre round Colonel North. He was supposed to be going to win the Kempton Park Champion Stakes last week with Huic Holloa. It was beaten, however, by Mr. A. Sidney's Pilate Black in the second round. Pilate Black itself fell in the final before Major Holmes's Puddletown. However, the Colonel divided the City of London Stakes with Miss Kitten, and also had a share with Jock Scott in the fourfold division of the Westminster Stakes. His nomination has also been backed for the Waterloo Cup at 8 to 1, although it is by no means settled what is to represent him. Miss Glendyne, and his 850-guinea purchase, Fullerton, were tried at Kempton last week, but neither performed very satisfactorily, and since then he has purchased, for 470 gs., Troughend, by Greentick—Toledo, which will, perhaps, after all "fill the bill."

CRICKET.—Poor Bates, the once dashing Yorkshire batsman, seems to have been driven out of his mind by the loss of his eye and subsequent financial misfortunes. Last week he attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat. Some hopes, however, are entertained of his recovery.—Ulyett has arrived at the Cape. The British cricketers must have been truly glad to welcome "Happy Jack," for they wanted him badly.—Mr. A. N. Hornby, Captain of the Lancashire Eleven, and Mr. E. A. J. Maynard, who formerly "bossed" Derbyshire, are among the newly-elected County Councillors.

BILLIARDS.—Mitchell won all his heats in the "Championship" Tournament at the Aquarium, and is consequently the latest "Champion" in this department of sport. The heats (1,000 up) were far too short to gauge the merits of the players. Thus Mitchell (by the help of a 987 break) beat Peall by no fewer than 980 points. McNeill was third, a place that would probably have fallen to White had he not hurt his arm and had to retire. Mitchell has already been challenged by Peall. The Pool Championship, decided on Wednesday, fell to McNeill.

ATHLETICS.—The L. A. C. meeting disclosed a most flourishing state of affairs. Last year there was a deficit of more than 100/. This year there is a balance of nearly as much.—The Finchley Harriers' Open Steeplechase, run on Saturday, attracted no fewer than 239 entries, of whom 170 actually started. The winner was W. G. Watts, Loraine Harriers, who had 4 min. 30 secs. start.—One hundred yards has been run recently (in America) in 9 3/4 secs. As the previous best was 9 4/5ths secs., it will be noticed that the record has been lowered by the enormous amount of 1-20th of a second.

BOWLS.—The game of bowls is now being recognised as one of the leading pastimes, and is rapidly coming to the fore, an impetus having been given to it by the forming of the Lancashire and Cheshire County Bowling Association. This Association now numbers about fifty clubs, and has numerous matches throughout Lancashire and Cheshire during the season. In view of the coming season it would now be a good opportunity for clubs in the other parts of the United Kingdom to form themselves into County Associations, when matches could be arranged County *versus* County. Mr. R. Evans, 84, Fell Street, Liverpool, the Secretary of the Lancashire and Cheshire County Bowling Association, would be pleased to give any information to those wishing to form County Associations.

SUNDRIES.—Under the title of the "P. and O. Pocket-Book" the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company have issued a most useful and compact little work, which cannot fail to be appreciated by all Oriental travellers. The book deals with the history of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, its present and past steam fleet, special tours, Continental communications, ports *en route*, and contains excellent descriptive articles on the Suez Canal, Egypt, India, China, Japan, and Australasia, &c., by such well-known men as the Comte de Lesseps, Mr. Stanley Lane Poole, Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Thomas Wade, Mr. H. W. Lucy, and Mr. Hume Nisbet, whilst a number of good illustrations add greatly to the general brightness of the volume. Appended to the work are a capital selection of useful maps, and a series of coloured flags representing the national colours carried by merchant vessels of different countries, and the International Code of signals. The handy way in which the contents are arranged shows great discrimination on the part of the compiler, and the little volume forms a thoroughly satisfactory and interesting guide to places traversed by the company's steamers.—"Debreit's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionship" (Dean and Son, 160a, Fleet Street) this year reaches its 176th anniversary. On reference to this well-known handbook we find that the oldest Peer of the Realm is Baron Cottesloe, aged ninety; whilst the youngest is H.R.H. the Duke of Albany, aged four. The obituary for 1888 includes seventeen peers, twelve peeresses, thirty-seven baronets, and thirty-four knights. One excellent feature of this work is that the information is brought down to the latest possible date. We note, for instance, that alterations made at the beginning of this month are included in the volume.—One of the most useful works of reference that are published during the year is "Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes" (Kelly and Co., 51, Great Queen Street, W.C.). The most recent issue is now before us, containing the necessary corrections brought down to the latest possible period, and the book is in every way equal to its predecessors.—Those who take an interest in the Irish Question—and "their name is legion"—should turn to the "Liberal Year Book, 1889" (86, Fleet Street), where they will find particulars as to the imprisonment of Irish M.P.'s, the application of the Crimes Act in Ireland, and other information on similar events which took place during 1888. The book also contains short articles on the "Local Government Act," "Liberalism in the Past," "Party Organisation," and a table showing the result of all bye-elections since the General Election of 1886. Politicians of all persuasions will find something here to interest them.—We have to acknowledge from Messrs. Cassell and Co. the first number of "Celebrities of the Century," being a dictionary of men and women of the nineteenth century. The work is to be completed in seventeen parts, and with the present number is included a plate containing portraits of Gordon, Tennyson, and other celebrities.



MR. IRVING's complete recovery from the severe attack of congestion of the larynx, which compelled him a fortnight since to seek rest at Brighton, has given great satisfaction to his admirers. Nothing could have been more enthusiastic than the welcome accorded to him on Saturday evening, when he suddenly presented himself on the dismal waste of the Harmuir. It was observed that he played with something more than his usual fire and energy. It would be unjust not to add here a tribute to Mr. Hermann Vezin's picturesque and scholarly performance, not forgetting his masterly elocution. Mr. Vezin, as is well known, responded to the request that he would take Mr. Irving's place at a few hours' notice, but for which a sudden closing of the Lyceum doors would have been practically unavoidable.

Mr. Mayer's newly-recruited company, which includes Mdle. Malvau, of the Gymnase, and Mdle. Reichemberg, and MM. Coquelin the younger, Duflo, Boucher, and Charpentier, of the Comédie Française, made a brilliant opening on Monday evening in that delightful comedy, *Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr*, by the elder Dumas. Their prospective programme is varied to a degree which defies the hobbling gait of the weekly chronicler of dramatic events. Both the classical and modern repertory of the Théâtre Français are to be laid under contribution; and there is to be a considerable sprinkling of those light and amusing monologues and duologues which the Coquelin Brothers have so materially contributed to bring into favour.

The re-appearance of Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake in their old quarters is limited to a dozen weeks or so before their departure for the United States; but it is nevertheless very gratifying to audiences who like to welcome old favourites on the scene of former triumphs. A few gaps in the stalls were visible on Monday evening, owing, doubtless, to the circumstance that the critics, who now form a considerable detachment of the first-night spectators, were compelled to divide their attentions between *Hamlet* in Oxford Street and French Plays in Soho. All other parts of the house, at all events, were somewhat inconveniently packed, yet the occupants were apparently in the best of humours. Never, indeed, can a popular actor have had a more flattering reception. Mr. Barrett's *Hamlet* has lost nothing either in finish or in spirit since he was last seen in this part in town; and Miss Eastlake's Ophelia is not less sweet and pathetic than before. The company, however, speaking generally, do not greatly distinguish themselves in Shakespearian parts, though we must except Mr. G. Barrett's First Gravedigger, which is a richly-coloured and very humorous impersonation.

Mr. Burnand's "cantata," entitled "Pickwick," which is coming out at the COMEDY Theatre on Monday next, excites more interest than such trifles are wont to do. Some hints of the incidents, and above all some particulars of "the Baker"—whose "Baker-rôle," it is said, includes a "barcarolle" composed by Mr. Edward Solomon have been communicated through the dramatic gossips. From their statements it appears that the entire action passes in Mrs. Bardell's "first-floor front" on the fatal morning when that lady was discovered in the arms of her astonished lodger. The "baker," who has been elevated from the status of a mere incidental allusion into that of a prominent personage, is Mrs. Bardell's old flame referred to in the cross-examination of Mrs. Sanders. Mr. Arthur Cecil will represent Mr. Pickwick, Miss Lottie Venne Mrs. Bardell, and Mr. Rutland Barrington the Baker.

Mrs. Langtry, who is now appearing as Lady Macbeth at the FIFTH AVENUE Theatre, New York, is said to adopt, though in a somewhat less pronounced fashion, the new view of that unexemplary lady's character. She inclines, in brief, to the view that Duncan's treacherous hostess only hardens herself to crime from excessive fondness to her husband. Splendid robes are not deemed appropriate by Mrs. Langtry, though the coarseness of the stuff whereof her primitive gowns are made is relieved by a lavish ornamentation with splendid jewels.

The Panel Picture, a new drama by Messrs. Outram Tristram and B. C. Stephenson, which Mr. Rutland Barrington intended to bring out at the ST. JAMES'S, will first see the light at the OPERA COMIQUE on the withdrawal of *Tares*. Lady Monckton will quit the HAYMARKET, and join Mrs. Oscar Beringer's company for the occasion.

Seven thousand poor school-children witnessed the performances in the great circus in Liverpool one afternoon, last week, by the invitation of the Messrs. Hengler. The performances of "the educated donkey" are supposed to have brought "a blush into the cheek and a good resolution into the heart" of every dunce in the vast gathering. The task of equitably distributing seven thousand oranges among these little spectators must have been no light one.

The next novelty at the PRINCESS'S will be the new drama of serious interest, entitled *Good Old Times*, by Mr. Hall Caine, the novelist and critic, and Mr. Wilson Barrett. Both Mr. Barrett and Miss Eastlake will appear in this piece. If rumour speaks truly, the latter will figure on a "fiery untamed steed," with "her hands tied together."

The ST. JAMES'S Theatre, vacated by Mr. Rutland Barrington, is publicly announced as "to let."

Messrs. Charles Wyndham and W. Duck have taken the STRAND Theatre, which they will shortly open with *The Balloon*, a farcical comedy by Messrs. Manville Fenn and J. H. Darnley, lately produced at a *matinée*.

The exterior of the handsome new theatre which Mr. Gilbert is having built for Mr. Hare is now practically complete. As our readers are aware, it stands at the Charing Cross end of the new Avenue, and is to be known as "THE GARRICK."

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Under the title of *A Day's Sport*, Mr. Corney Grain has brought out a new musical sketch, in the place of his highly-popular *John Bull Abroad*. He describes his adventures while staying at a friend's country house for some shooting, and introduces many humorous and satirical touches—for instance, on the modern propensity for waltzing to the exclusion of other dances; on the craze for double names of the Jones-Robinson type; and on the elderly lady who sings popular ballads embellished with old-fashioned trills and runs. Humour and pathos are combined in the song of the old squire and his wife: "For old times' sake we'll dance once more together, dear." The most popular of Mr. Grain's ditties was that in which he xows that "He won't go a-shooting any more." The melody of this is highly suggestive of one of Moody and Sankey's tunes. *The Bosun's Mate*, by Messrs. Caldicott and Browne, which opens the entertainment, is running a very prosperous career.

NINE FINE LARGE HORSES have been specially bought at Bordeaux for the Queen's use during her coming visit to Biarritz, as the little Basque horses of the district are not considered strong enough for the long excursions which Her Majesty hopes to make. The Biarritz authorities are very anxious to *fête* the Queen, therefore Her Majesty has been obliged to give notice that she wishes to remain quite *incognito*, and to receive very few persons. So says the *Paris Figaro*.



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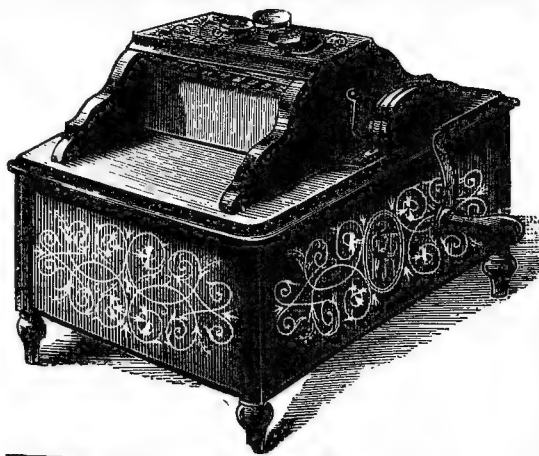
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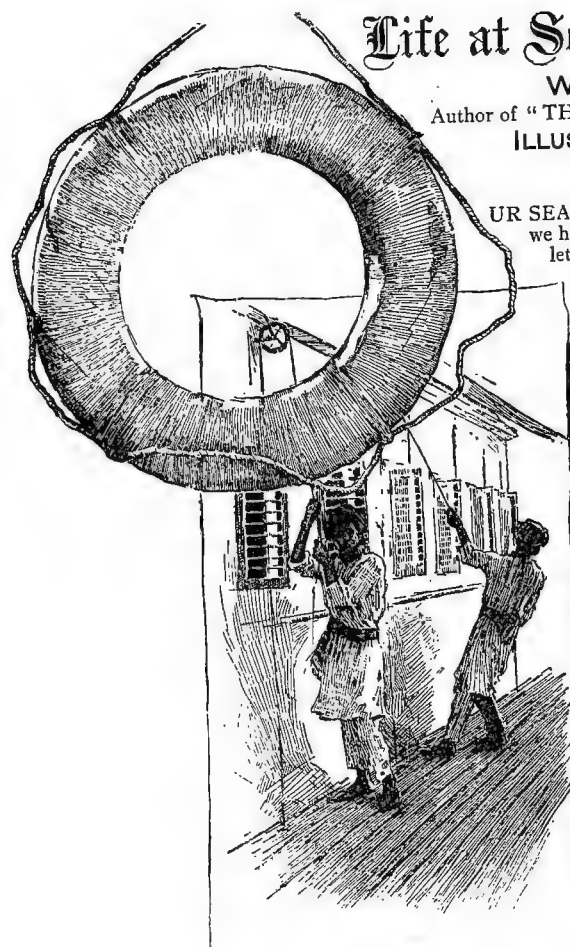
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Life at Sea on an Australian Liner

WRITTEN BY HUME NISBET,
Author of "THE LAND OF THE HIBISCUS BLOSSOM," &c.
ILLUSTRATED BY W. HATHERELL.



PUNKAH-WALLAHS

OUR SEA-LIFE begins in stern earnest after we have posted our last batch of farewell letters at Portsmouth, Southampton, or Plymouth, as the case may be, and we take our last look at the chalk cliffs of Old England. We are all strangers still to each other, moved with but one silent impulse to look upon the land receding from us, a faint blur of blue-grey upon the more luminous grey of the horizon, with the sweltering wash of bottle-green waves between; after which we turn about and prepare for the two-and-a-half days of purgatory which lies between Land's End and Cape Finisterre.

Sea-gulls and cold east winds as we steam down the Thames, past Sheerness, Ramsgate, through the Straits of Dover, past Dungeness, and Hastings, and into the choppy waters of the Channel.

Then our troubles begin, and there is a woeful falling-off at breakfast, tiffin, and dinner; a few daring spirits, with a desperate show of bravado, venture down to the first and second spreads out, with pallid cheeks, and sickly contortions which pass for smiles, while we are still in the Channel, but they leave quietly yet quickly, with tottering steps, and do not return, while only the very old stagers, who stay behind, dare call up a grin at the retreating

figures—it seems a tempting of Providence to laugh at such a moment. The Smoke Room (gorgeous smoke rooms they provide for the comfort of lovers of the weed on board these first-class liners) remains empty during this trying season, while in the Music Saloon the piano breaks away from its moorings and plays a few eccentric solo passages on its own account, no one else being there to restrain or use it; dishes become animated, as if rejoicing over the lack of animation of the dejected passengers, and rush wildly over the tables, and into the arms of those who have been weakly striving to evade them; altogether the wave-washed decks are preferable to the saloon to the few

who have strength to crawl from their cabins.

Cures for the universal malady, this forms the principal topic of conversation when passenger is thrown against passenger. Champagne, claret, whisky with bitters, cayenne pepper—they are all sought after and tried by rotation, yet still the ocean triumphs. One dauntless passenger comes down to the second tiffin;—he is a poet, and has been watching the great waves as they roll under or break over the decks as we near Biscay Bay. He has a wild gleam in his eyes as he sits down, for he has been triumphing over Nature with the aid of whisky bitters; but with the gleam of triumph mingles a haunted expression of expectant horror. He has made a poem, which he holds in his hand, and which he wants to read to his neighbour, an old veteran who has weathered the storm too often to be appalled at anything—even by a poem; so he listens as the other reads:

NEAR BISCAY BAY

As we breast each rising billow
Verdigris within the foam,
Like an under-leaf of willow,
So our thoughts go back to home,
To the hearts which now feel breaking.
Sweethearts, wives, and friends behind,
Is't our hearts which now are shaking
To the whistling of the wind?

Grey beyond, a grey of madder,
Purple echoes on each light,
Friend, 'tis you are growing sadder
As we pass beyond the light.
Curd floats from us, white as plaster,
Like milk curdled on green ice,
You have gone like alabaster.
Lunch is waiting. Is it nice?

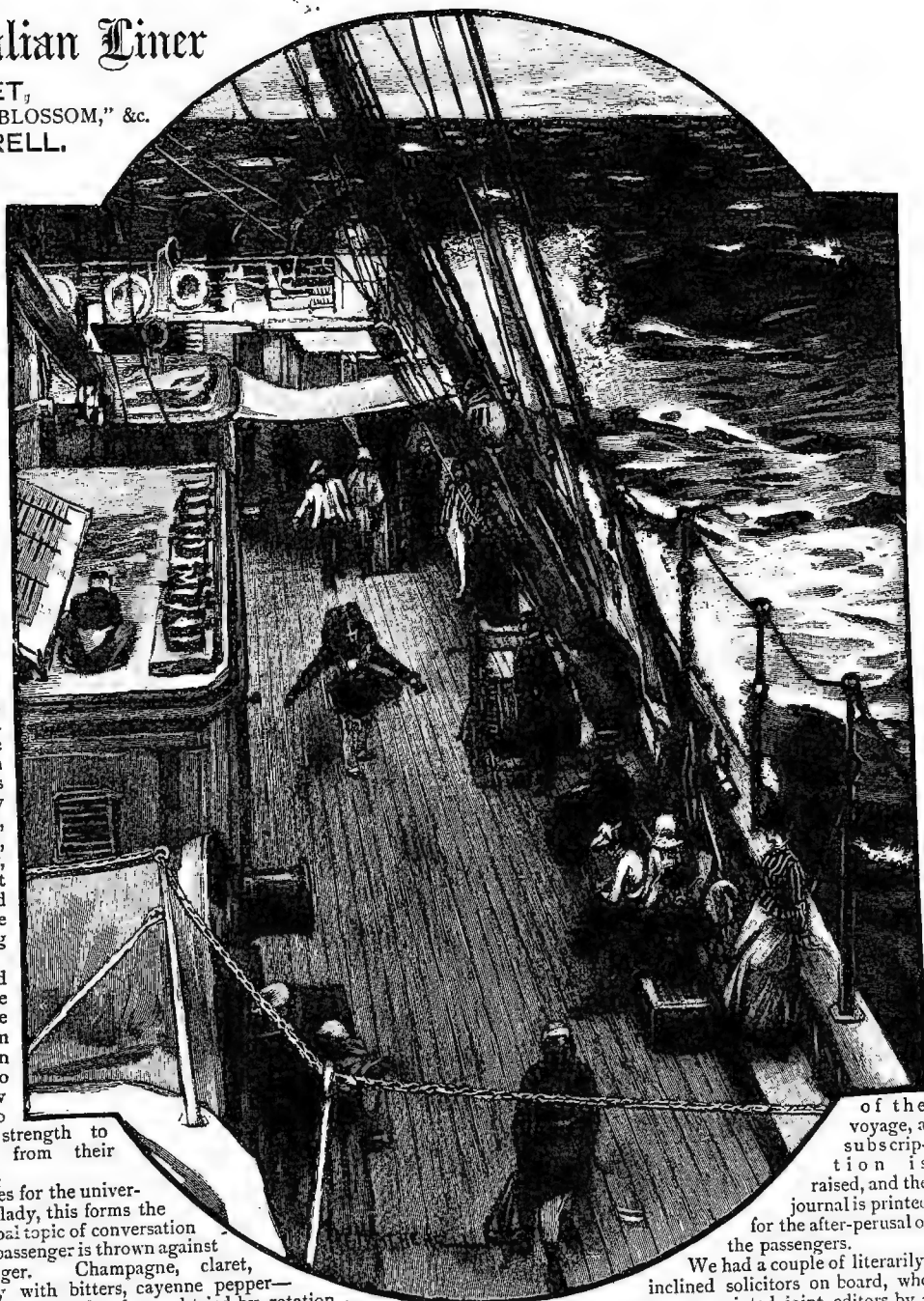
Courage, friend, cayenne or bitters
Make us face the foe once more,
Be it gelatine or fritters
I will brave them to the core.
Eat and think, and watch while thinking,
Each fresh breaker rolling by,
No use yielding to this stinking,
With wild Biscay in my eye.

The poet finished his reading, and the old man his tiffin. Two hours afterwards revenge came, and the steward was busy.

Thus pass two wild days, particularly if we have left London in the month of January, a favourite time for tourists who wish to escape the excessive heat of the Red Sea, and enjoy the best season in Australia. At length we bid good-bye to ice and snow, and, after that Biscay Bay purgatory, enter into a heaven of summer seas and smiling skies.

After sighting Cape Finisterre the weather every hour becomes more genial, and the passengers gradually appear and begin to form acquaintances and plan out amusements, games, athletic sports, theatricals, conundrum-competitions, tournaments, and cricket-matches. If there chances to be a literary man on board, and kindly disposed, then there will be a weekly paper started—one of the surest methods of promoting harmony and social intercourse, if it is properly conducted.

Every one is eager to contribute to this journal, which is read out each Saturday morning, to the amusement of the contributors and general public interested in each event that is here chronicled. Generally, at the end



of the voyage, a subscription is raised, and the journal is printed for the after-perusal of the passengers.

We had a couple of literarily-inclined solicitors on board, who were appointed joint editors by a committee in the smoke-room,

and who both laboured indefatigably to make it a brilliant success. There were no personalities permitted; as much genial humour as could be extracted from the standing staff, with a faithful record of the events of each day. It was called the *Parramatta Prattler*—that being the title of the P. and O. liner in which we sailed, and which, through the kindness of Captain Anderson (since deceased) and his officers, was rendered one of the most enjoyable six weeks which we have ever experienced.

While passing down the Spanish coast, between Cape St. Vincent and Malta, the weather being still cool enough for exertion, one of the best games is leap-frog; the sea is brisk and deeply blue, filled with white-crested waves, yet not large enough to make the deck unsteady, a slight tremor from the pulsating engines is all that is felt, with the white wash about the churning screw, and the foam which dances from the sharp iron bows and settles down like soap-suds on either side, leaving behind a long, united wake of snow white.

As the men at the wheels give a turn now and again against the wind, the froth leaps up like a dissolving sun-silvered cloud, and falls away again without coming aboard; seas now-a-days are too polite to wet passengers upon these vast liners, except on very extraordinary occasions. The dazzling clouds overhead, as they float above that sapphire sea, with that sun-gilded Spanish coast unfolding itself point after point, headland after headland, with lighthouses and villages starting from the mellow-green hillsides, or intensely purple hollows.

Vigo Bay, Viana, Oporto, Cape Roco, Espichel, St. Vincent, Lagos, Cape de St. Maria, Cadiz, Trafalgar the never-to-be-forgotten, and through the Straits of Gibraltar, past the snow-covered Sierra Nevadas, and into the darkly-beautiful azure Mediterranean Sea.

The illustration explains leap-frog without further remark; it is played the same as our boys have played it for generations, and is one of the most heathful and appetising exercises that could be imagined, and he must be a very confirmed dyspeptic who cannot do justice to the most sumptuous dinner provided by the Company after an hour at leap-frog.

If there is musical talent on board, then there will be concerts got up for the benefit of the Seamen's Fund. The proceeds of our first concert amounted to 33s. 3d., the entrance fee being 6d. and 3d.

One passenger, with a turn for humour, got up an exhibition which he called "Old Masters," a few of the most striking objects on view being as follows:—"The Match" (plate with lucifer match upon it), "A Tanner" (plate with sixpenny piece), "The Downfall of Greece" (a broken candle), "A Native of Ireland" (potato on plate), "Joe Chamberlain's Three Acres" (three decayed teeth), "Meeting of Wellington and Blucher" (pair of boots touching), "A Holy Pair" (socks in tatters, marked "Supposed to be a relic of the Third Crusade"), "A Loving Pair" (two spoons on a plate), "My First Ball" (a baby's ball of tow), and "A Bowl of Punch" (issue of *Punch's* papers in bowl).



AN INTERESTING BIT OF THE COAST OF PORTUGAL



THE BARBER

Cricket and athletic sports were started on the sixth day out, with the first view of the Atlas Range on the African Coast—a fine bold landscape, differing totally from the lately-passed noble inland Nevadas.

The athletic sports consisted of high-jumping, hurdle-racing, long-jumping, potatoes and spoons, and bucketing potatoes; the two last games being best played by ladies, as it creates great amusement. In the game of bucketing, the potatoes have to be picked up at a run, and dropped into the buckets as they pass forward and back again to the post.

Cricket on board ship, anomalous as it may sound, has become a reality in these days of frequent interchange of English and Colonial teams. We are indebted to Mr. R. H. Watt, of Bowdon, passenger by the s.s. *Austral*, of the Orient Line, for the sketch sub-joined, showing cricket as taking its natural place among ship-games, such as Quoits, Bowls, Curling, "Dumps" or "Bull," Hop-Scotch, "Sling the Monkey," &c., which have been the staple entertainment hitherto; and thus a voyage from London to Melbourne, or hitherto; and thus a voyage from London to Melbourne, or Sydney, by way of Gibraltar and the Suez Canal, is no longer forty days' of enforced idleness, even for cricketers, for by an ingenious

arrangement, originated by Captain Ruthven, of the *Austral*, an enthusiast of ship cricket (whose portrait we also give), our players are enabled to enjoy their daily practice even at sea. The promenade deck of the *Austral* is 220 feet long and 46 feet wide, and on one side of this a space of about 400 square yards is enclosed by rigging up a close netting, between the deck and the awning. The wickets are fixed in a moveable stand, and a suitable matting in lieu of turf, and on this improvised field, the most brilliant and scientific batsman, bowler, or fielder, may keep himself in training.

The voyage from Australia to England by the Australian Cricketers is always made by steamers of the deservedly popular Orient Line, and they have carried a cricketing team regularly every year, either outwards or homewards, since the first Australian team came over.

The Smoke Room is always an institution on board a well-conducted liner; here the male portion of the community assemble after dinner, whether they do or do not consume the soothing weed, and it is to this prohibited spot that the ladies saunter when they have grown tired of sitting by themselves in the Music Saloon, if they find that their music or singing fails to lure the recreants forth.

Here plans are discussed for next day's amusement, programmes drawn up, comic songs, sung with banjo accompaniments and good choruses, racy stories, a few of them comparatively new, but none the worse for that if well told, and the rest stamped with the hall-mark of antiquity, old and oft-told tales over which we have all laughed often, and must laugh over again and again, even while trying to control the desire to correct the inaccuracy of the narrator—it is such an easy matter to laugh after an ocean dinner and over a good cigar, with companions who only seek to be agreeable.

We reach Valletta (Malta) on the eighth day after leaving London, and while the ship stops to take in coals the passengers hasten ashore to make the most of their holiday. It is surprising how small a place Malta seems, and how often the passengers run against one another in the streets, churches, and market-places. We seem to have taken possession of it and its thousands of beggars. Before we are well into the harbour we are overrun by men and boys with their wares for sale: lace, filigree silver-work, flowers, fruit, and photographs. Roses sell for a penny each, oranges at the rate of twelve dozen for half-a-crown, lace and silver ornaments for what they can get.

The boat fare varies also very much. Astute old hands are rowed over to the landing-place for 3d., the more ignorant have to pay over to the landing-place for 1s. 6d., while on reaching the shore the mind is vastly perplexed by the multiplicity of guides, who clutch at, and seize upon, the new comers, with extravagant proffers to show the town. They all want money—every one in Malta thirsts for this; but, rather than remain unemployed, they will show you the beauties for nothing. All that shut out the objects of interest with their intrusive persons, and explain all about it. St. John's Church, the Palace, Città Vecchia, the Strada Reale, the Market Place, and the shops—those wonderful

lairs into which you are most artfully lured, and from which there is no exit while you have a cent. left.

"Malta, sovereign isle, the destined seat and asylum of chivalry, honour, and arms—the nursing-mother of heroes. Mirror of ancient days," &c.

At the Grand Hotel, where some of our party dined, a bill was produced with an extra charge of 9d., which, when asked the reason of, the waiter replied,

"For broken glass."

"But we haven't broken any glass."

"No," said the man, naively; "but other people sometimes do."

From Malta to Port Said is a three days' run, with no land to distract the attention from the amusements. Passengers have now become intimate with one another and confidential; every evening there is singing in the music saloon, also, during the day, choir practice for Sunday service, while in the main saloon card parties are formed, with ties for chess, backgammon, and draughts, and up on deck, where the Hindoo seamen glide about noiselessly, those who are more sentimentally inclined parade backwards and forwards, or find for themselves quiet corners.

The weather is now becoming too warm for violent exertion, so white suits and muslin dresses, with quoit and dumps-throwing, become the fashion. They are both leisurely, yet intensely interesting games.

Some of the ladies are very expert at these games, and frequently beat the gentlemen.

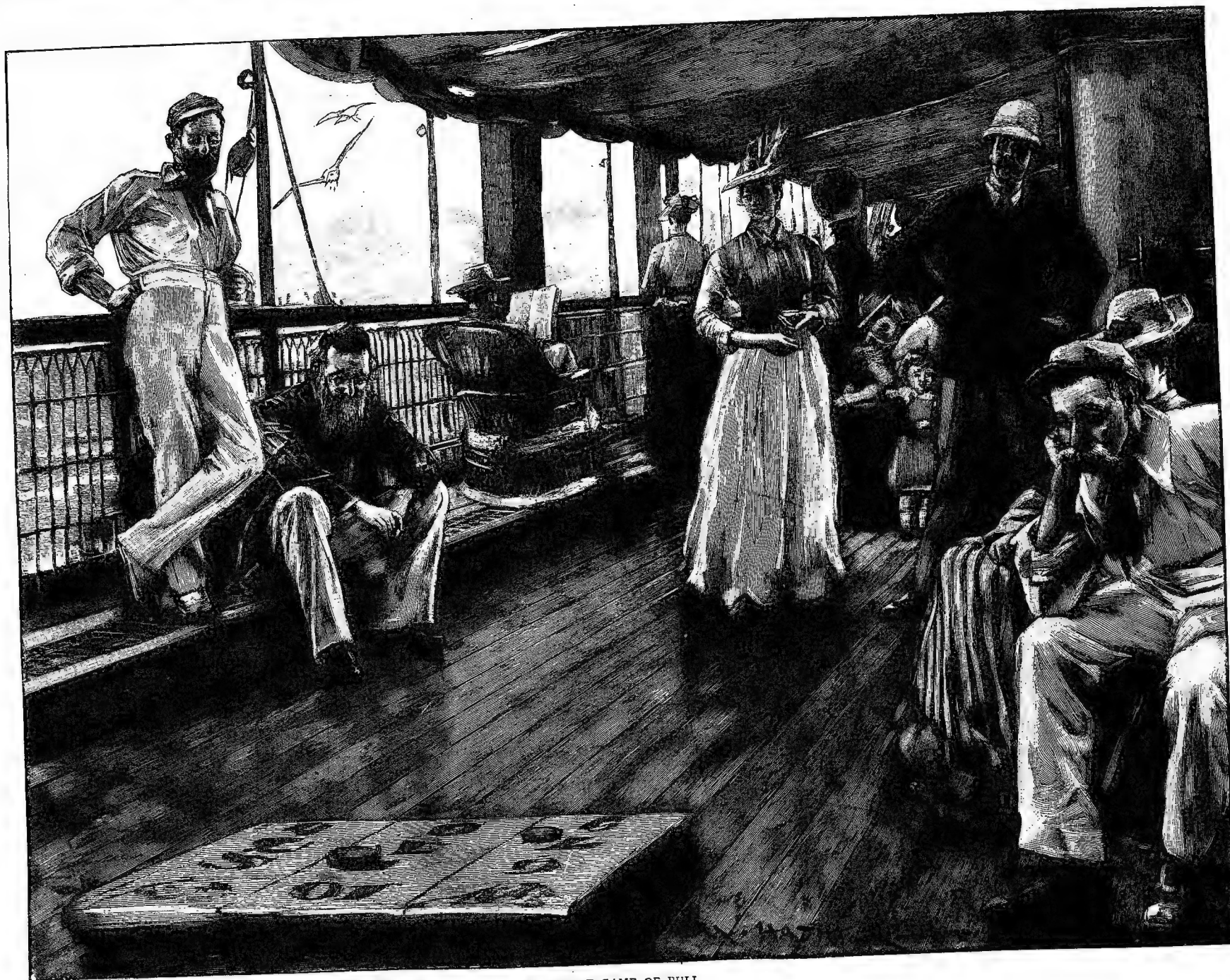
The barber, who is a gentle-faced, meek-eyed native of the spicy island of Ceylon, and a follower of Buddha, is much in request now; he is one of the smartest hair-cutters and smoothest shavers whom we have ever been under; the Singalese are nearly all adroit barbers, and travel in that capacity on the Orient and P. & O. ocean liners. They get no wages, but are fed and kept by the Companies, being allowed to fix their own charge for their work. A little money goes a long way with them, so that after a few voyages they are able to retire to their native land and set up in business for themselves; they are not exorbitant in their charges, and do their work perfectly.

The long moles of Port Said are objects of interest as we enter, with the lighthouse 180 feet high, and the numerous dhows and coal barges; a busy port, with the great steamers going into or coming from the Canal, and on shore the crowds of Oriental figures, Arabs, Turks, Indians, Italians, and Frenchmen.

It is not an inviting place for visitors to waste time in, and, fortunately, there is not much delay here—just long enough to run through the main street, see the Arab quarters, and purchase a photo or two; then we are once more under way, with the droves of merchants and funny conjurers driven off, and a long stretch of eighty-six miles of dreary desert to face, with the many stoppages by the way.

Mirages to see, jeering Arabs to look upon, who pass along the banks mocking, gesticulating, and spitting at the hated English, caravans passing from Jaffa to Jerusalem, sidings and villages, lakes, the Great and Little Bitter Lakes swarming with bird-life, and the glorious rose-tinted mountains of Sinai with the golden sands at their foot, like ripe fields of wheat.

This is one of the most trying portions of the voyage, for the heat is very great and the excitement too intense for any one to settle down to pleasure; those who can smoke, smoke hard while leaning over the rails watching this monotony of the stretching desert, and yet it has a beauty and charm of its own like no other landscape—there is a grandeur and vastness not to be surpassed by



THE GAME OF BULL

any other scene, a sense of solitude which grips all, even with the broad sunshine over it. We feel as we see the dromedaries swinging along, or kneeling down at the crossing-place, as if we were at last really in the East, with its eastern customs and alone, in spite of the passing ships or the clashing of the cymbals on board the Turkish man-of-war which has just passed us. They strike up "Rule Britannia" as they pass, changing it to the "Marseillaise" as they approach the French troop-ship coming behind—a wonderfully courteous people these owners of many wives.

Suez at last, with the hills of Attika, those mountains and valleys through which Moses led his people, while the Egyptians pursued, floating in dense purple, with a yellow twilight sky behind, and the Red Sea in front.

Our captain would not let us land that night, for Abu Klea and Tel-el-Kebir were still fresh in the Arab minds, making them feel bitter towards us, so that it was not safe to go ashore at nights; but on the deck the Arabs swarmed, stalking along with their long robes and turbans, scowling at us as they passed the lamps, although answering our questions quietly, and spitting upon our backs when we were not looking; splendid-looking fellows nearly all of them, with sinews of steel, and lithe limbs which seemed to laugh at fatigue; they give their services in return for our money, shrugging their shoulders disdainfully when we ask them to abate their prices, but hating us even while they take our pay; and yet friends of mine have eaten salt with them, and lived with them in their tents in brotherly love and harmony, far away from all help.

Some of the passengers spend the evening singing and playing, others get up a dance on the deck (now steady), the first dance of the voyage, while the Arabs look on amazed at such exhibitions of frivolity. One daring passenger cast his line over the side and caught a small shark, which feat made him the hero of the hour.

torn robes; they had won the right to watch over us at a sacrifice, and were now laughing over their dearly-bought victory, and yet all this fierce warfare had been gone through for a couple of shillings.

Bradshaw, in his "Overland Guide-Book," recommends visitors on reaching Suez to proceed on arrival to the Suez Hotel, select bedrooms, take a bath, and retire to rest until the refreshments are ready. By the time we reached this hotel we all felt the strict necessity of acting up to this recommendation, for we were choking with the pecks of dust which we had swallowed, and the excitement which our presence had caused amongst the natives. Cross-legged Turks gravely smoking their hubble-bubbles in front of their stalls, were thrown backwards amongst their wares by the advancing compact mass, which, like a mighty wave, filled up the narrow streets, a bellowing, gesticulating mass of registered guides and their relations calling upon high heaven for justice against our defiant ass-drivers.

Suez is very healthy, if hot, in summer. We reached there during the cool season, so enjoyed our afternoon stroll through the quaint streets, with the picturesque shops and inhabitants. There is nothing of particular interest to see, excepting it be the time-stained sun-bleached walls, and habits of the people, who do not alter their fashions; what they are now, so were they when Richard fought with Saladin in the East—they are ever the same, and cling to the customs of their fathers.

Life at sea nowadays is very much like life ashore. At 6 A.M., i.e., four bells, the steward enters with tea, coffee, or fruit; at eight bells the passengers who are not early risers are woken up for the indispensable bath, then a sharp turn or two on deck before breakfast.

The sailors are scrubbing at the decks, but have generally finished by this time. However, to those who prefer an hour or two in the

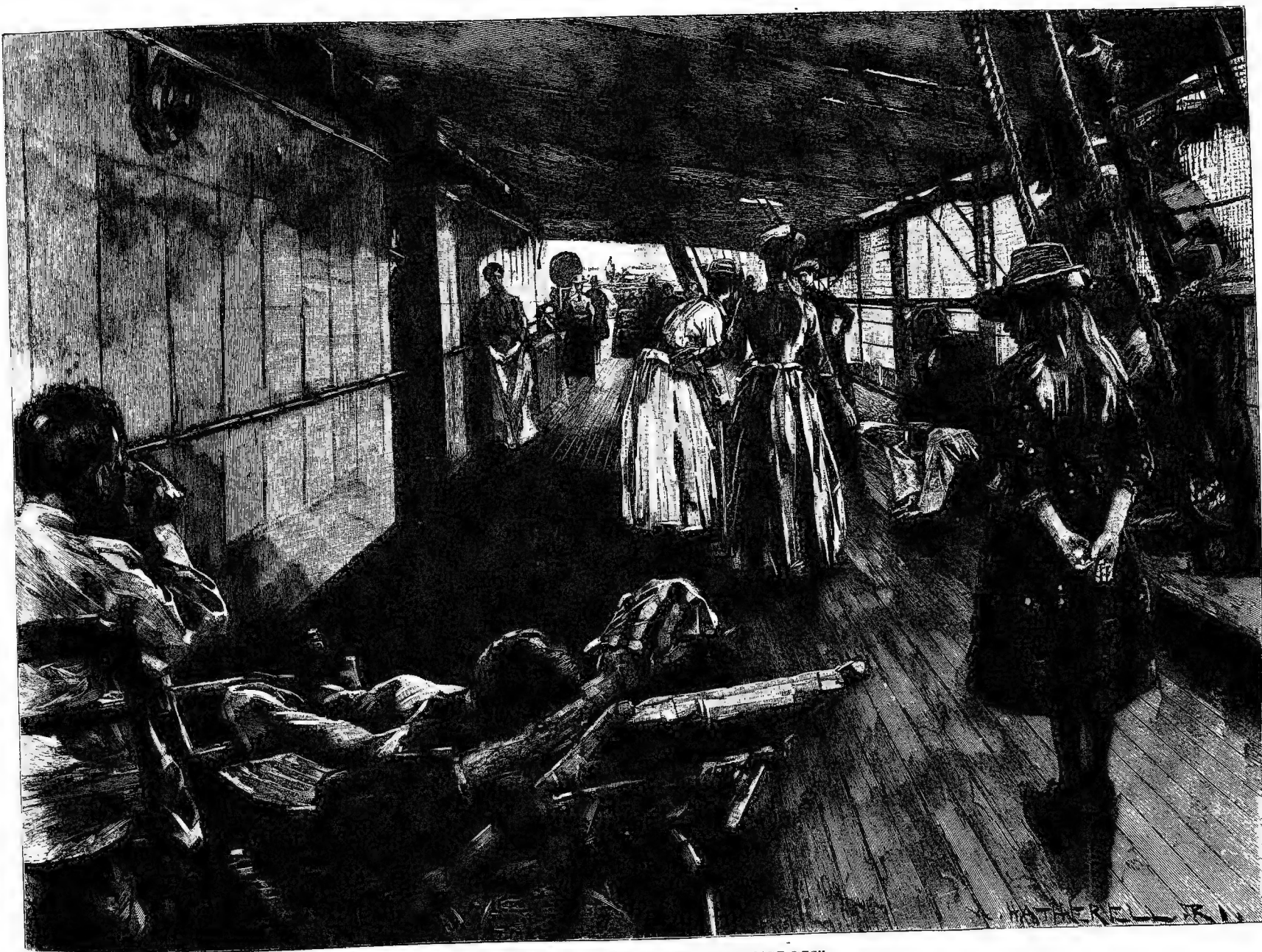
hazy on the Egyptian side, and golden and violet on the Arabian side. The coast-line is high here, Mount Garrib being 8,000 feet, sterile ranges with no greenery about them, but hard, seamed, and furrowed granite, with gorges and valleys of sand, uninviting chasms through which the wanderers struggled, thirsty and wearied, towards the Promised Land.

We have lost some of our pleasantest company at Suez, and the gap is not easily filled up, even although others have joined us here—good hands at cards, cricket, and quoits; amiable companions both in Smoke and Music Saloon, we miss them sadly, and never thought that so short a time could make so much friendship.

There is a head wind in the Red Sea, so that we are not nearly so uncomfortable as we should have been had the wind been with us. Still it is hot enough to keep us all awake for half the night on the deck, seeking for cool places, and renders us too languid to exert ourselves much in the art of pleasing. There is also a nasty sea on, which gives to most of us memories of the route at Biscay Bay.

One or two try to "hop the plank," i.e., you mark off a distance for the competitors along the deck, and attempt to hop within the two asphalt lines. It is a game best suited to a day or night when the ship is a little unsteady, and it is astonishing how very difficult it is to accomplish. From personal experience, I reckon this to be the very best game for making the players sea-sick; although why it should be so, I cannot explain.

The Red Sea, called so on account of its red coral reefs, has been a trial and a tribulation in all times, and to more nations than the Egyptians. Ships have gone to pieces upon these treacherous reefs since ever ships sailed upon the waters, navigators have crept into, or out of, Bab-el-Mandeb, its Gates of Tears, with fear and trembling, calling upon their Gods all the while, and panting with the heat; invalids in search of the lost gift of health approach this portion of



LADIES' CRICKET MATCH ON THE PROMENADE DECK

The Sidi boys, i.e., East African firemen, got and devoured the prize greedily; they have a partiality for sharks.

A calm night, and a sky thickly studded with luminous stars, as we lay this night within sight of the lights of the ancient Oriental city, where one can forget modern ways, and hark back to the olden times when Israel came out of Egypt.

In the morning we go ashore, hiring donkeys with very modern cabs—they call their donkeys after English celebrities—while their drivers run alongside of us, urging them onwards with loud exclamations and frantic gestures; an exciting and sensational ride, during which the girths broke several times, landing us into the mud, casualties which created no remark from the owners as we picked ourselves up and watched them repairing the damages with bits of string, while we bestowed our anathemas upon the patient, long-eared wearers of such names as "Henry Irving," "Ellen Terry," "Sir Charles Dilke," or the "Bishop of London," according to their sex.

I fell three times from the back of "Mrs. Langtry," my donkey's name, before reaching the bazaars, but when we did arrive, it was like a triumphal entry, raising clouds of white dust, with hosts of the natives yelling and rushing about us, their white robes flying, and their brown arms waving, while the air was filled with their imprecations.

What was the matter? had the war broken out again, and were we to be sacrificed to the rage of this infuriated mob? Our drivers were laying about them with their sticks, while turbaned heads bit the dust in all directions. At last our drivers fought their way through the crowd and dust-volumes, and explained with parched mouths and rolling eyes, that it was only the qualified guides wanting to take possession of us. Would we have them?

"No," we were satisfied with the zeal of our drivers, so we let them settle the matter their own way, while we rode on to examine the streets at our leisure. Our drivers saw no more at the time, but afterwards they turned up with damaged faces and

early morning in their pyjamas, this costume being permitted up to eight o'clock, the hose being played along the deck, and the salt water coming in contact with the feet is extremely grateful.

Ladies do not recognise gentlemen, and *vice versa*, before eight o'clock in the morning. This is the way that propriety is kept up on board ship—however intimate you may be during the day, you are perfect strangers to one another between 6 and 8 A.M.

After breakfast, games are started straight away. At times we started auctions of shares in a limited company got up for the purpose of gauging the speed of the ship for the day. These shares were put up at one shilling, but rose up at times to ten shillings.

Then comes tiffin, and another stretch to be filled up before dinner; the Amusement Committee may have plans to discuss, breach of promise cases to bring on, or theatricals to arrange.

One of the best performances which we had was given by the stewards, who are generally very good in the darkest line of business. Our company termed themselves "The Deep Sea Minstrels," their performance was a success, and some of their supposed opinions of the Press not at all inapt; for instance:—

The *Times* says: "We have never seen worse."

The *Echo* says: "The programme of the entertainment should have been headed 'Mangling Done Here.'"

The *Referee* says: "The Deep Sea Minstrels announce that they never perform ashore—we sincerely trust that this is correct."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Where were the police?"

We are now going down the Red Sea, always a trying portion of the journey to passengers, and the punkahs are put up, while the "punkah-wallahs" stand outside and pull the strings with their hands, and when they are tired of that, with their toes. It is a light but monotonous occupation, and I have often come upon one fast asleep, yet never ceasing in the regular movements of hands or feet.

We are sailing between Egypt and Arabia. It is mist-covered and

the journey with quaking hearts, and only begin to breathe freely when at last the Island of Perim is left behind.

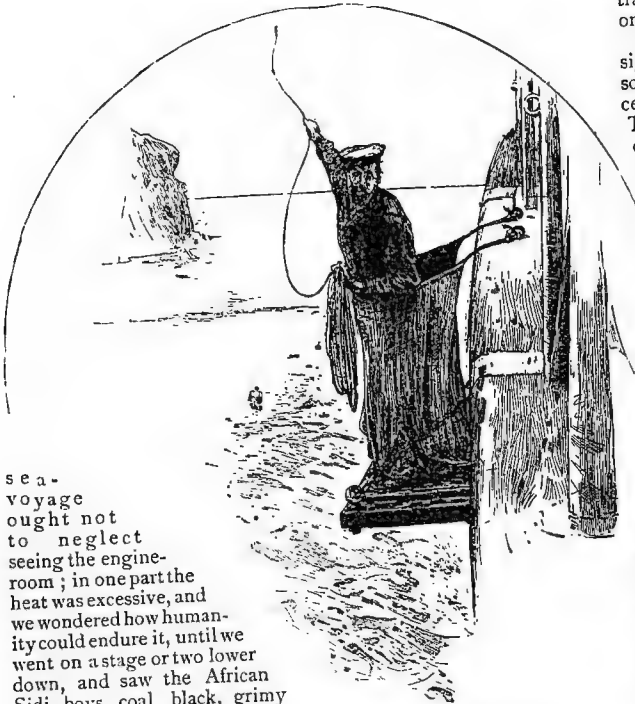
The sea is rough, with strong, hot winds blowing against us, and foam dashing over the bows, as we force our way along past Jebel Teir, volcanic and desolate, the twelve outstanding, upright rocks, which are called the Apostles, looking filmy in the hazy moonlight with the tossing silvered sea beneath.

Mocha emerges from the morning mist as we plough along, then a dreary coast-line swarming with half-masted wrecks, as we sight Perim, with its lighthouse, telegraph-post, and remains of fortifications. We are passing the sinister "Gates of Tears," and in another hour have cleared into the more bracing air of the Gulf of Aden.

Passengers once more wake up, and begin to rouse themselves to be agreeable; for during this trying passage of the Red Sea it would take a Mark Tapley to be able to view life with great cheerfulness; and, happily, there are few such extreme characters to be met with in reality, for I have often thought that unflinching good-temper must be a great trial to the patience of the cheerful one's friends. However, if none of us have displayed great amiability during the past three-and-a-half days, we can now make up for our apathy.

Tournaments are once more set a-going during the day, with whist and glee-singing during the evening. We are really a very happy family on board this *Parramatta*, and, thanks to the kindness and watchfulness of our able commander, Captain Anderson, although all so intimate, we have not had a single quarrel.

The chief engineer also is most amiable, and permits us to see the internal arrangements of the ship, his department—a wonderful sight of mystery, wheels, pistons, refrigerators, electric batteries, all working together. Down the steel and well-oiled steps we go, clinging to the supports, to watch the throbbing of the mighty heart of this vast and never-sleeping giant of the seas. And now, for the first time, we really know what is being done below, whilst we are playing, eating, and sleeping above. People who wish to appreciate



sea-voyage ought not to neglect seeing the engine-room; in one part the heat was excessive, and we wondered how humanity could endure it, until we went on a stage or two lower down, and saw the African Sidi boys, coal black, grimy with dust, and almost nude, pouring the coals, without stopping, into the sateless jaws of those roaring furnaces. Then we knew that what we had fancied unendurably hot before was a very temperate zone compared to this lower inferno.

Extremes meet in this world below decks. From the flare and heat of the furnace-rooms we passed into a region where they were making ice; here we shivered, and our teeth chattered with the cold atmosphere, while from the iron sides and roofs hung festoons of hoar frost and snow.

Aden is an English settlement and coaling-station, built upon a rocky and sterile peninsula, ten miles long by three wide, closed in by hills, with a gap towards Seerah Island in the crater of an extinct volcano, and situated on the east end; it is connected with the mainland by a causeway 1,350 yards wide. Steamers stop six hours to coal.

It is a free port, with an outer and inner harbour, and a growing

trade, but water is very scarce, as it seldom rains here oftener than once in three years. Hardly a blade of grass is visible. A very good road leads from the town to the "Tanks," one of the sights, perhaps the only one, of interest. These tanks are built very solidly, and look more like forts than anything else; they are many centuries old, holding sufficient water for three years' consumption. This water is carried down to the town by camels and donkeys, driven by the yellow mop-headed, tall, and savage-looking Somalis.

After Aden we pass the bold and fertile Island of Socotra, which lies outside the Gulf of Aden, and is also held by England (*pro tem*), one of the most rugged, as well as most picturesque points we have yet seen. We sail along all the afternoon, getting glorious effects of light and shadow, with the aloë and tamarind trees showing out from the violet shadows of cliff-fissures, great precipitous cliffs, which are lost in clouds, and dip straight into the sea.

We also get a view in passing of the Arab city Mannatah, nestling with its white domes and minarets amongst those stupendous cliffs; a straight ray of sunlight darts down the rock face from a fissure high up, and illuminates the city with startling brightness.

We are now passing over the Indian Ocean towards Ceylon, five days' journey from Socotra, during which we see no land, but are compensated by the splendid sunsets with cloud-forms, and exquisite colouring; also the perfect moonlight sky filled with feather-shaped, or mottled with fleecy-white specks and golden moons showing between the interspaces. Between Socotra and Ceylon we get ever-unfolding panoramas of cloud-pictures, the finest skies to be seen anywhere in the whole world for aerial grace and pure gradations of colouring.

Four days after leaving Socotra we pass Manicoy, and see the lighthouse erected upon it in consequence of the wreck of the *Colombo*.

During this five days we occupy our afternoons in developing some photographic plates which we have taken. We use one of the bath-rooms for this purpose, and the Lascar bathmen, seeing the red glare and mysterious manner with which we shut ourselves in, get the idea that we are raising the Devil, and become so fascinated with the notion, that we are unable to keep them away from the door.

Once, when I opened it to ask for more fresh water, and they saw what they supposed to be flames coming out, i.e. the reflection of the ruby light, they rushed away, jabbering in fell horror; after this we were treated with profound veneration by our bathmen for the rest of the voyage, but for all that we spoil the plates, the weather was too hot and humid for developing, so the film melted from the glass and our pictures were lost. Afterwards, whilst travelling through North Queensland and New Guinea, I took great care not to repeat this mistake.

We got a good view of the Southern Cross, with its four pointers

clearly discernible in the Indian Ocean, always a welcome sight to old Australian travellers, and before we had quite got rid of the feeling of novelty at this, to us, long stretch of open sea, we drop anchor at Colombo harbour after getting a most exceptional impression of the mirage of Adam's Peak, soft grey against a rosy dawn sky, with the sun just rising—one moment the peak stands out boldly, then, like a silver mist, it steals away, leaving us in blank wonderment how we could have been deceived by the reflection of an object so far away.

Adam's Peak is one of the wonders of phenomenal nature; every morning it sends out its lovely mirage to the ocean, while it lies in loveliness itself far away inland, it gives to mariners far out at sea a transient glimpse of its beauty, and then vanishes, like a pleasant dream, while they are rubbing their eyes.

We have one day at Colombo, long enough for those who choose either to drive to Mount Lavinia, through groves of palms and bananas with the Oriental figures, Buddhist priests clad in yellow, by their costumes and colour, even to General Booth's soldiers, lately imported, and clad in rags of Turkey red, the war-cry colour, blood and fire.

We have a little Buddhist guide who laughs as he points them out. "The Salvation Army," they are here, there, and everywhere, dressing like the natives, which is sensible, and beating the big drum.

The Cingalese dress in Manchester cottons of every shade, and sell rubies and sapphires fresh from the glass-works of Birmingham.

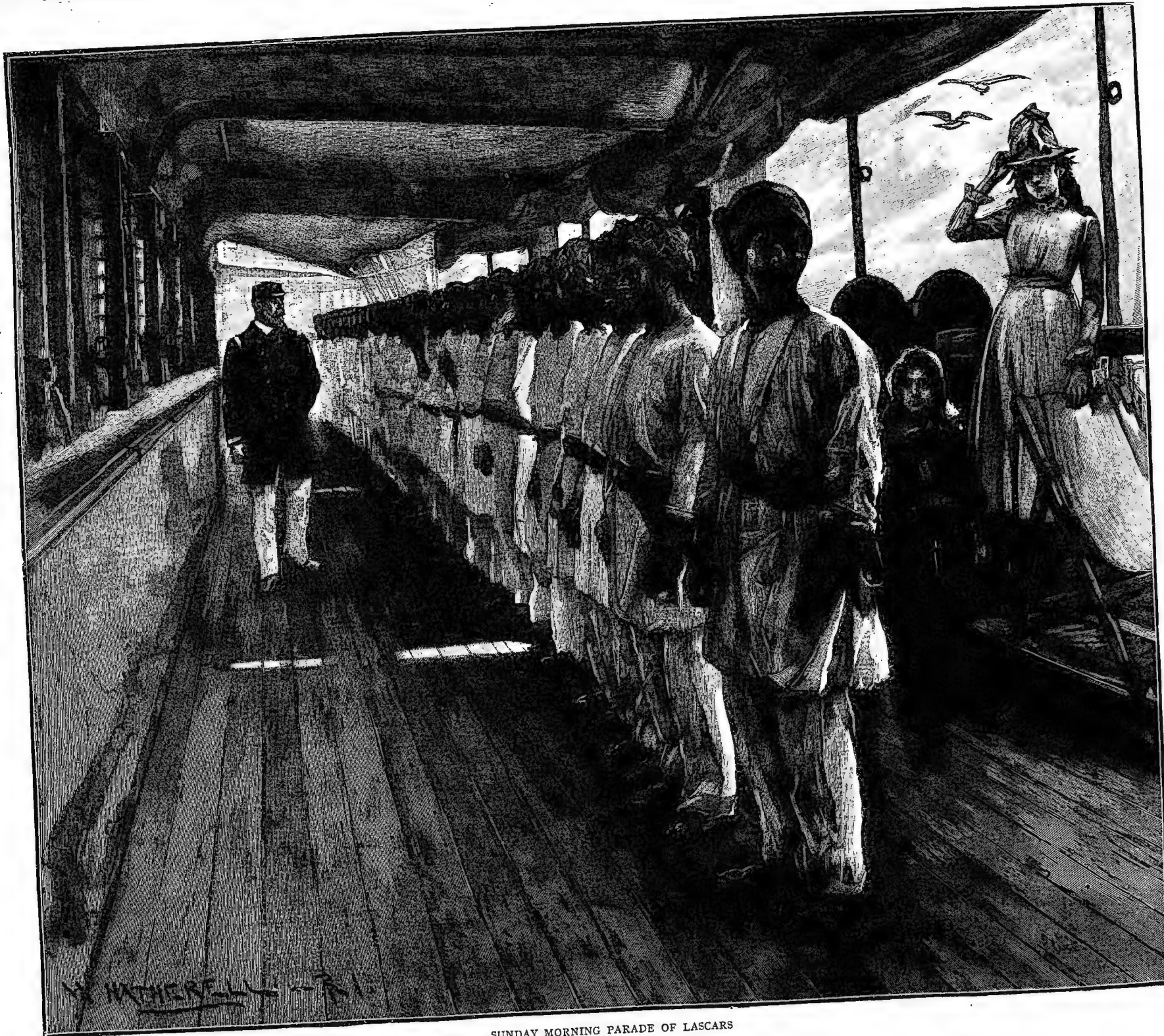
They will all cheat if they can, but still I think the visitors will lose less at the hands of a true Buddhist than he will at the hands of a follower of Brahma.

Colombo has its temples and its cinnamon gardens at the village of Calpitty, with this most delicious drive to Lavinia to recommend it; or to those most venturesome and with more time to spare, the train journey up over the mountains to Kandy, and the Gardens of Peradenia, the most complete gardens in the world.

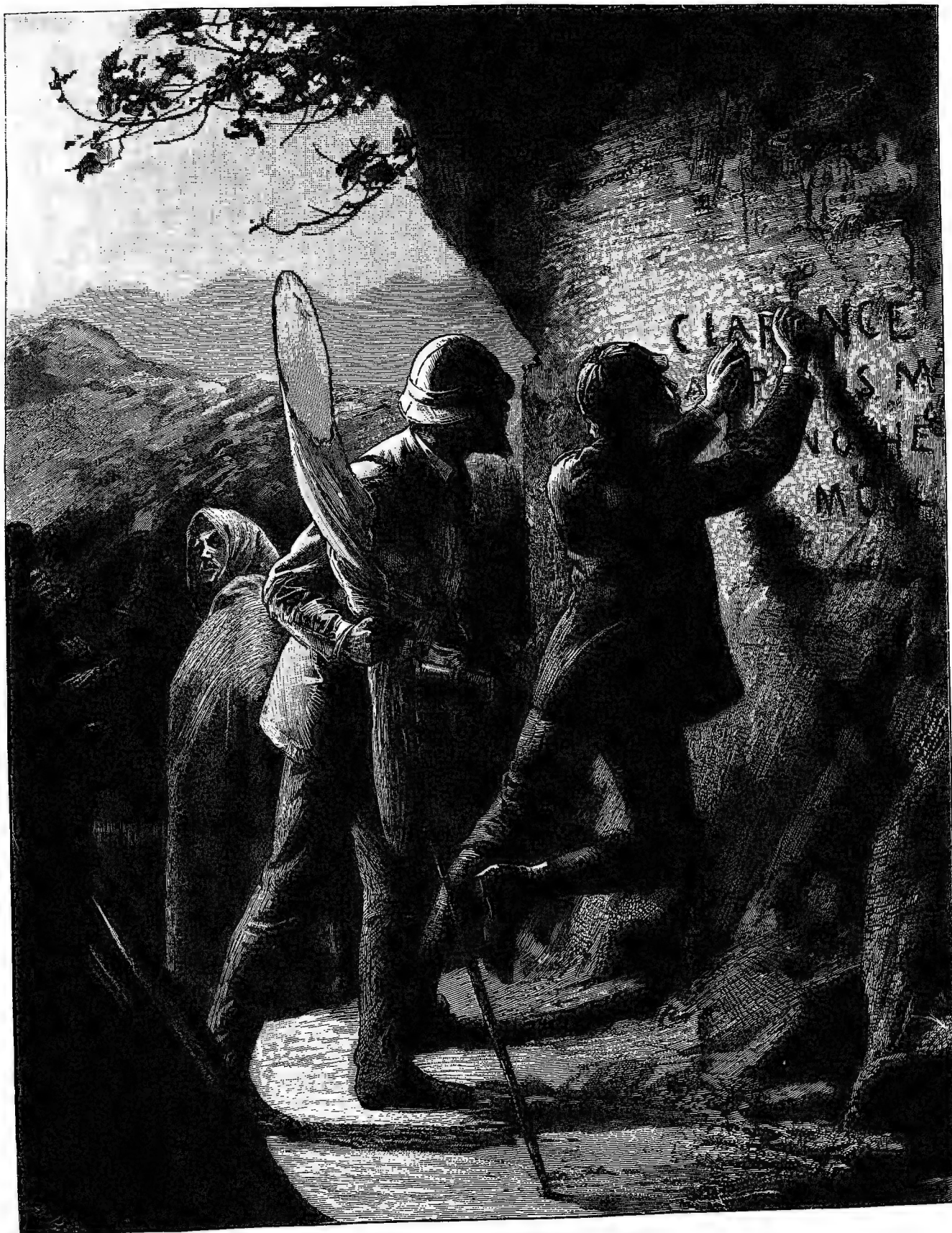
Want of space forbids me going into this subject further, so it is best to leave it with only this brief mention.

Another long run over the boundless ocean of sixteen days, before we again sight land, with the daily routine of business, pleasure, and amusement, crossing the line two days after leaving Ceylon, the ceremonies and dues to Neptune not now kept as they used to be in former days; then we sight Cape Leeuwin, and finish up our sports, tournaments, Parliamentary meetings, and pleasant gatherings; the man who throws the lead is fixed in his canvas-bag outside, with his line in his hand, the last Sunday muster of the officers and white-robed Lascars have taken place, and we only wait for the final muster to say good-bye to pleasant friends, and wind up pleasant hours at sea.

H. N.



SUNDAY MORNING PARADE OF LASCARS



DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTNALL, R.W.S.

By scraping the inscription with a knife, it soon became legible.

"THE TENTS OF SHEM"

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

CHAPTER IX.

STRIKING A CLUE

It was a glorious hot day in an Algerian July. The mountains stood clear from cloud in every direction, with their peaks etched out distinctly against the grey background of the hazy-white sky; and Le Marchant made up his mind early in the morning to attempt the upper slopes of the Lalla Khadidja dome, one of the highest among the surging giants of the Djurjura, covered thick with snow for nine months of the year, but now just free at last, under the influence of a burning hot spell of sirocco, from the white cap it had worn since the beginning of winter. Blake, ever eager in the quest of the picturesque, was ready enough to join him in his mountaineering expedition; while Meriem, who had once or twice made her way on foot as a pilgrim to the tiny Mahommedan shrine of the Lalla Khadidja, which lies nestled amid snowdrifts just below the summit, had after some hesitation agreed to accompany them, with two other of the village girls, as guide and interpreter. Nothing could have been nicer or more satisfactory—to the painter. Just at the last moment, however, as the party was on the very point of starting, that formidable Ahmed came lounging up, with his full-fed air of Oriental insolence, to interpose his prospective veto. It made Blake's blood boil to see how the fellow treated that beautiful model. For some minutes he spoke in a hectoring voice with Meriem; and it was clear from the gestures and tones of the pair that

Meriem for her part was by no means measured in the terms of her answers.

"What does the man say?" Blake asked at last, unable to restrain his disgust and anger.

"He says," the girl answered, with a flushed face, "he'll never let me go mountain climbing with the infidels. But I don't care a pin. He's a bad man. He's jealous—jealous; that's what he means by it."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him," Meriem replied, with a little stamp of her shoeless foot on the bare rock, "he might order me about when he'd bought me and paid for me; but at present I'm free, and my own mistress. I shall go where I choose—till I'm bought and paid for."

As she spoke, the young Kabyle's hand played ominously on the hilt of the short steel knife that every mountaineer of the Algerian hills carries always in his girdle as a weapon of offence. For a straw, he would have drawn it and stabbed her to the heart. Le Marchant observed the gesture with his quick eye, and suggested hastily, "Ask him if he'll go himself instead and guide us? We'll pay him well—give him two francs for conducting us to the summit."

Your Kabyle never refuses money. Ahmed assented with delight to the modified proposal, and his fingers ceased toying at once with the handle of his dagger. Le Marchant had done a double stroke of business; appeased his jealousy, and gratified his innate love of

gain—the two universal mainsprings of action in the poor and passionate Kabyle nature.

They started on their way, the three men alone; and Meriem gazed long and wistfully after them with a surging sense of unrest and disappointment. Something within her stirred her deeply—something she could never venture to confide to Mouni or to Yamina, her closest intimates. How handsome he looked, in his rough tourist suit, that delicate young painter with the speaking eyes, beside Ahmed, her betrothed, in his dirty burnouse and his ragged undershirt! How beautifully he talked, and how beautifully he painted, and what strangely divine things he knew how to say to her! Echoes of some unknown world, those sweet fresh words of his! She gazed and gazed, and tears filled her eyes. Her soul revolted with a shock against Ahmed.

Could she really be falling in love—with an infidel?

And then a sudden terror began to seize her heart when they were well on their way, and past hope of overtaking. Should she run after them and warn them of the possible danger? Lalla Khadidja is a steep and precipitous mountain, full of rearing crags and crevasses and gullies. Suppose Ahmed, whom she knew to be jealous of the two young Englishmen, were to push them over on some dangerous ledge, and pretend they had fallen by accident while climbing! To a Kabyle such treatment of the infidel would seem positively meritorious. The idea turned her sick with alarm and anxiety. She could hardly hold the threads at the upright frame

where she sat all day, in the Amine's hut, weaving a many-coloured native *haik* for herself, a mighty labour of the loom, to wear—when she was married to Ahmed. Married to Ahmed! The thought of it sickened her. Till lately it had seemed so natural—and now! She longed for the evening, and the travellers' return. Allah in His goodness protect the Englishmen!

But the two young men, meanwhile, all ignorant of her fears, toiled up the craggy slopes towards the bold summit of the great shadowy mountain. As soon as Meriem was fairly out of hearing, Blake turned round to his companion, and asked in a tone half angry, half disappointed, "What on earth made you bring this fellow along with us at all? We could have found our own way to the top very well without him."

"Why, I was afraid to leave him behind with Meriem," Le Marchant answered, with a quick glance at the sinister face of their scowling guide. "In the fellow's present temper, with his blood up, it would take very little to make him stick a knife into her. I know these people; they're quick, and they're revengeful. A word and a stab is the rule with the tribes, especially with women. They kill a woman with far less compunction than you or I would show in treading on a scorpion."

"He's a brute," Blake answered, striking the rock with his stick, "and I'm glad she hates him."

For some hours they continued their toilsome march, ever up and up, with the wide view opening wider each step before them.

Towards the summit of the mountain, where the rocks were hardest, they came suddenly on a rearing crag of porphyry, as red as blood, and as hard as granite. It was a beautiful mass, and a beautiful prospect spread out in front of it. Le Marchant sat down at its base in the shade (for, high as they stood, the sun's rays still scorched fiercely), and refreshed himself with a pull at his pocket flask of whisky and water. On its north side, a cave or rock-shelter ran far into its face. Something on the precipitous wall of the crag within this cave caught Blake's quick eye as he glanced up at the ferns in the crannied rock with a painter's interest. "Surely," he cried, in immense surprise, pointing up with his stick, "that's an inscription written or carved on the cliff in English letters!"

Le Marchant jumped up and looked at the object hard. It was indeed an inscription, covered thick with moss and lichen, which gather so rapidly in these southern climates, and overgrown by masses of maidenhair and ceterach; but, by scraping it with a knife, it soon became legible. The letters were firm and boldly incised, and the legend ran thus, as Le Marchant read it out aloud, in Roman capitals—

CLARENCE KNYVETT,
SUA IPSIUS MANU FECIT:
ANNO HEJIRÆ
MCCLXIV.

"What does it all mean?" Blake asked, somewhat timidly, for he hated to display his ignorance of the learned languages before his scientific companion, who seemed to know everything.

"It means," Le Marchant answered, "Clarence Knyvett wrote this with his own hand in the year of the Hejira 1264."

"What the dickens is the Hejira?" Blake asked again.

"The year of Mohammed's flight to Medina," Le Marchant answered, with a politely stifled smile at such ingenuous ignorance. "It stands in the East for A.D. with us. It's the date from which the Mussulmans reckon their era."

"And how long ago was 1264 by this precious date?" Blake asked once more, suspecting it, vaguely, to be somewhere about the days of the Crusaders.

"I don't know exactly—I'm not up in my calendar—but quite recently, I should be inclined to say. Somewhere within the last twenty years or so at most. The Hejira, you know, was early in the seventh century."

"Then I'll tell you what," Blake cried, with a start of surprise, "Meriem's father must have written that up there!"

"Great wits jump. The very same thought had just occurred to me at the very same moment."

"I'll copy it in my sketch-book, exactly as it stands," Blake cried, sitting down again, and pulling out that faithful companion of his wanderings. And in ten minutes he had produced on paper a rough *facsimile* of the inscription in its own letters, with an outline of the mass of rock on which it was cut, and the wallflowers and stocks and maidenhair ferns that sprang out of the crannies in the crag all around it.

"If Meriem's father really wrote it," he said, as he shut up the book again, "it'll be a pleasant *souvenir* to carry away with us of the girl; and, in any case, it's interesting as the record of a previous European visit in such a spot. I thought we were the first who ever burst into that silent cave. Besides, it makes quite a pretty little picture."

As he spoke, Ahmed signified, with a wave of his hand, that it was time for them to go if they wished to rise and descend again before sunset; and in a few minutes they were fairly at the summit.

It was with a beating heart that Meriem waited for them to come back again that evening, safe and sound, from the terrors of the treacherous mountain. She watched for them on the path some way out, whither she had gone to meet them, ostensibly for the purpose of driving the goats home to the milking, but really to relieve her own inner anxiety. As she saw them, her bosom gave one great bound. Blake raised his hat with jaunty gallantry, and opening his book handed her over the sketch, on purpose to see if the name on the rock roused any latent chord in her uncertain memory. But she looked at it blankly. "It's pretty," she said, "though not so pretty as most of your sketches"—for her stock of English was rapidly increasing under her new teachers. "I don't see much in it—only a piece of rock and a few small scratches. Are those letters, I wonder? They look like letters; yet they're not the same as one reads in the Koran."

"What! Can't you read English?" Blake cried, in surprise. It seemed strange to him that one who could speak so well, with the accent and manner of an educated lady, should be unable to spell out one word of our language.

"No," Meriem answered, with a shake of her head. "I can't read it. Yusuf meant I should learn to read it in time; but we had no books; and he died so suddenly; and then, of course, it was all forgotten."

"Well," Le Marchant interposed, with a fresh test—for he, too, was anxious to try experiments—"the first word—this one here on the face of the rock, you see—is Clarence."

Meriem's brow gathered suddenly. One moment her memory seemed to strike at last a long-forgotten track. Next instant she cried with a bright flash of recognition, "Yes, yes, that's it! He wrote it! He wrote it! I remember now. I remember it well. My father's English name was . . . Clarence Knyvett!"

"Right!" Le Marchant answered, with a gleam of triumph. "That's just what's written there," Clarence Knyvett, with his own hand, in the year 1264 of the Hejira."

The girl seized the book rapturously in her hand, and kissed the picture three or four times over. "It's his!" she cried again, in an ecstasy of joy. "He wrote it! He wrote it! How good of you to bring it. It was Yusuf! Yusuf!"

He was the only soul on earth she had ever known—save one, perhaps—who fulfilled to the utmost the yearnings of her profound European emotional nature.

As the two men sat alone in their tent that night, while Diego was engaged in pressing the Alpine flowers from Le Marchant's collecting case, the artist looked up, and said to his friend, suddenly, "Wasn't Knyvett the name of that Girton girl, you remember, who was made Third Classic or something of the sort the other day at Cambridge?"

"Yes," Le Marchant answered; "a Miss Iris Knyvett. She's a niece, I believe, of Sir Arthur, the rich old General. I thought of that myself, as soon as I saw it. The name's an uncommon one. It's a curious coincidence."

"How queer it would be," Blake went on, reflectively, "if this girl were to turn out a member of the same family."

"It wouldn't at all surprise me," his friend replied, with profound meaning. "Whoever her father was, he must at least have been an educated man. Her English, as far as it goes, you must surely have noticed, is the pure English of ladies and gentlemen."

"But what a gulf between them!" Blake exclaimed, with emphasis. "A girl who can't even read or write—and a Third Classic!"

"She can read the Koran," Le Marchant answered, quickly. "One language is always the key of another. And, indeed, I think I can see in her something of the same earnest and vigorous qualities that imply, to one who looks below externals, the stuff for making many Third Classics."

"My dear Le Marchant, you carry things too far! Upon my word, I really believe you're half in love with her!"

Le Marchant paused for a moment before replying. "It's more to the point to remember," he said at last, a little comically, "that she's very much better than half in love with *you*, Blake, and that you've got no right, thinking as you do, to encourage the feeling."

Blake laughed gaily. "Oh, it's all right," he answered, in an unconcerned tone. "In the autumn, you know, she's to marry Ahmed." To say the truth, the implied imputation of being a lady-killer, even in the case of a mere Kabyle peasant girl, rather flattered his sensitive artist's soul than otherwise.

CHAPTER X.

RIVAL CLAIMS

Harold Knyvett, Esquire, of the Board of Trade, and late of Trinity College, Cambridge, lounged lazily back in a leather-covered arm-chair in the comfortable smoking-room of the Cheyne Row Club, Piccadilly.

"Well yes, my dear fellow," he remarked, with a languid sigh to the sympathetic friend (last left in town) who stood complacently, the cigarette in hand, with his back to the empty carved marble fireplace, "I ought to come in for it; there's no doubt at all in the place. 'I ought to come in for it; there's no doubt at all in the place, world about that. And I expect I shall too, for I've laid my plans deeply, and I've played my cards warily. Sir Arthur's a difficult person to deal with, I admit—between you and me and the club clock, as selfish an old pig as ever walked this earth, and pig-headed to match, into the bargain. But allowing for all that—and I've allowed liberally—I've made things moderately certain in the end, I flatter myself; so that one way or the other I'm tolerably sure to turn up trumps, unless the cards miscarry."

"That's well," the sympathetic friend responded, cheerfully. "I believe the only other person who has any claim to the estate is your famous cousin, that unspeakable Girton girl, who licked all the men but two in the 'Varsity into a cocked hat, isn't she?"

"Exactly so. The only other person; and to make things doubly sure, I've kept my hand well in meanwhile with *her*, too; so that if the worst should ever come to the worst, I shall simply marry her, you see, and take the property that way—with an encumbrance, unfortunately. For I confess, being by nature a lover of freedom, I should prefer it for my own part wholly unburdened."

"And suppose she won't have you?" his friend suggested, with a faint smile of doubt.

"Won't have me? My dear sir, at the present day any man on earth may have any girl he chooses if he only takes the trouble to set about the preliminaries properly. Women at present are a drug in the market. Girls without money you may have for the asking; girls with money, or with expectations of money, you may have by approaching them in a proper spirit from the side of the emotions. *Il faut leur faire la cour, bien entendu*—and that, I admit, is a degrading mode of exercise—but when the money can be had on no other condition, the wise man will not disdain even that last unpleasant one. He will stoop to conquer; and then, having once secured what are popularly known as the girl's affections, he'll take care that the settlements, which form the kernel of the whole transaction, should not be drawn up too stringently in the lady's favour. Those are my sentiments on the matrimonial position."

And Harold Knyvett, having thus delivered himself of his social views, rose from his chair with the resolute manner of a man who knows his own mind to the bottom, and buried his hands deep in his trousers pockets.

"However," he went on, after a brief pause, during part of which he had been engaged in selecting a really good cigar with deliberate care from the box a club servant had brought in to his order, "I don't anticipate any such misfortune as that, I'm happy to say. I've very little doubt Sir Arthur, selfish pig though he is, will do the right thing in the end before he kicks the bucket. I rejoice to say he's a man with a conscience. You see, when he first came into the property, he made a will, a most disgusting will, which he left with his solicitors, and the contents of which are perfectly well known to me, through the kind intervention of Sir Arthur's valet—as a principle in life, always cultivate your rich uncle's valet; it can do you no harm, and may be of infinite use to you; a guinea or two bestowed in judicious tips, in that particular quarter, may be regarded in the light of a lucrative long investment."

"A *quid pro quo*," his friend suggested, jocosely, emphasising the "quid" with a facetious stress, after the manner of that most objectionable animal, the common punster.

Harold Knyvett winced, but he smiled for all that, or pretended to smile. Always smile when you see it's expected of you. As a man of taste, he detested puns, especially old ones; but native politeness, of which he possessed a large stock—the servile politeness of all mean natures—made him careful to laugh at them, however outrageous or however antiquated. "Precisely so," he made answer. "A *quid pro quo*," without the emphasis. "Well, by this beastly will, he gives and bequeaths his landed estate and his entire fortune, save and except his own paltry savings from his military pay, to my cousin, the root-grubber, the Greek root-grubber, on no better ground, if you please, than just because my grandfather the admiral, out of the pure vindictiveness of his nasty temper, desired him, by implication, so to leave it. My grandfather, you know—a most unnatural person—had a grudge against my father, his own youngest son, and expressly excluded him, by the terms of his will, from all reversionary interest in the property."

"Bad-blooded old gentleman!" the sympathetic listener piously ejaculated.

"Extremely," Harold went on, with a smile that showed his even row of white transparent teeth. "A worse-blooded old gentleman, indeed, never lived, for, not only did he cut off my father with a shilling, an act which I could, perhaps, have endured with equanimity, but he cut me too out of all benefit of succession—me, a babe unborn (at the time I am speaking of), who had never done anything on earth, good or bad, to offend him. Such mean vindic-

tiveness positively disgusts me. But the will was badly drawn up, it appears, and so the wicked old man, by his own mistake, made the grievous error of leaving Sir Arthur—alone, of all his sons—through an omitted phrase, the power of appointment. Now, Sir Arthur, at the time he came into the property, had seen practically nothing of either my cousin Iris, the root-grubber, or myself—been away in India half his life, you see, and knew neither my good points nor *her* weak ones. The consequence was, influenced by the bad old man's expressed wishes, he drew up a will at once—the ill-advised will I've already described to you—cutting me off with a few wretched thousands of personal estates, but leaving the bulk of the landed property absolutely to Iris."

"And that will he means to stick to?" the sympathetic listener inquired politely.

"I hope not," Harold Knyvett replied, with a glance at his ash. "You see, the other side played their cards badly. This girl Iris has a meddling old busybody of an uncle—you know him by name; Whitmarsh, Q.C., the man who muddles all the famous Probate cases. Well, this old fool of a man Whitmarsh, ignorant of the fact that Sir Arthur had made such a will already, began to bully and badger my uncle in his vulgar fashion, by insinuating to him privately that he'd better not leave the property to me, or else he'd find a good case made out against him on the strength of the Admiral's express disapprobation. Naturally, that put Sir Arthur's back up. Nobody, and especially not a peppery old General who's served more than half his life in India, likes to have it dictated to him by rank outsiders what disposition he's to make of his own money. I was wiser than that. I didn't try bullying; I tried soft sawder. I approached Sir Arthur, as I approach the young woman, from the side of the affections. Then Iris herself, again, instead of assiduously captivating the old gentleman, as any girl with a grain of common sense would, of course, have tried to do, positively neglected him for something she calls the higher culture, and, immersed in her Hellenic agricultural operations, dug roots exclusively, when she might rather have been sedulously watering and nursing her relations with Sir Arthur."

"Thought more of her *Odyssey* than of her uncle, I suppose. That was lucky for you, Knyvett; for, by Jove, she's a pretty girl, you know, and agreeable into the bargain. If she'd chosen to make up to him, I expect your chances would have been shaky."

"You say the truth, my dear boy. It *was* lucky for me. I admit it frankly. But I, who always play my cards carefully, have taken great pains to eliminate luck. I've visited the old gentleman every blessed year with recurrent regularity at his summer quarters at Aix-les-Bains, much to my own personal discomfort, for he's a selfish old epicure, and I hate selfishness; but the end, of course, justified the means; and I think I've made it pretty safe by this time that he either has drawn up, or is about to draw up, a new and more sensible will in my favour. As a matter of conscience, he's sure to see to it. I shall snap my fingers then at the man Whitmarsh. And, indeed, it'd be a pity, when one comes to think of it, that a Quixotic impulsive girl like Iris should have the sole management of all that splendid property. She's like all the learned ladies; she's quite impractical. I met her last week at a garden party at Staines (where I was very attentive to her, of course, just to keep my hand in); and what do you think the girl actually told me? She's going to train as a hospital nurse. Her uncle, old Whitmarsh—who, though a meddling old fool, is a man of the world, one can't deny—did his best to dissuade her from it; but she wouldn't be dissuaded. She wanted to do some good in her generation! Utopian, quite! It'd never do for her to come into the property!"

"If I were you," the sympathetic friend responded, suggestively, "I'd make haste all the same to assure myself as a fact that Sir Arthur had really altered the will. Testamentary dispositions are ticklish things. Men put them off so, from day to day, especially at his time of life, you know. He might die any morning, out of pure mischief, and leave you in the lurch, and your cousin in clover."

"That contingency, unfortunately," Harold replied, with a sigh, "it's impossible for the wisest of men to guard against. But I've hedged even so; I've made my book cautiously. It occurred to me to pay marked attention beforehand to my cousin Iris, who's a pretty girl, after all, and not insensible, I fancy, in spite of her Aristotle, to a man's advances; and I mean to get up an informal engagement with her, of a non-committing character, you see, of a non-committing character; so that if by accident she should come into the money (which heaven forbid), I can annex the property that way, girl and all included; and if, on the other hand, all goes well, I can shuffle out of it quietly by letting the thing die a natural death, and come into the estate wholly unencumbered."

"That's neat and cute of you," his hearer responded, a little dubiously; "but perhaps a trifle too sharp for most men's fancy."

Harold Knyvett's reply was suddenly cut short by the entry of a boy in buttons with a telegram. "For you, sir," he said, handing him the flimsy pink paper on a tray. Harold took it and tore open the envelope carelessly. An invitation for a day on the moors, no doubt; or an urgent request from the editor of the *Piccadilly Review* for a hasty notice of that forthcoming work of Kekewich's on the "Slavonic Element in the Balkan Peninsula."

As he read it, his face turned white with mingled disappointment, rage, and impotence. "What's up?" his friend asked, scenting failure on the breeze.

"Why this," Harold answered, as he handed him the trumpey little crumpled scrap of Government economy. "From my uncle's valet. The fruit of my investment."

The friend read it mechanically aloud. "Sir Arthur died at two this afternoon, at his residence at Aix, quite suddenly, of *angina pectoris*. I have searched his papers up and down, but can find no trace of any other will than the one now in the hands of his solicitors. Your obedient servant, GILBERT MONTGOMERY."

A crushing blow! The cards had failed him!

It was a minute or two before Harold Knyvett recovered his usual presence of mind after that deadly reverse. Dead, and with no other will yet made! Dead, with no chance of influencing his decision! Dead, before he had even proposed to Iris! To ask her now would be too open and unblushing a confession of fortune-hunting. Procrastination had lost him both chances at once, his uncle's procrastination in the one case, his own in the other. If only he had proposed a week since at that garden party at Staines! Fool, fool that he was to let the opportunity slip idly by him!

It was only for a moment, however. Next minute, strategy had resumed the command. Vain regret was very little in Harold Knyvett's line. Like a strong man, he nerved himself after his defeat, and proceeded to bring up his reserves for action. He looked at his watch. The hand was on the very nick of five. News of Sir Arthur's death wouldn't get into even the last edition of this evening's papers. Iris would therefore not probably hear of it till to-morrow morning. No more procrastination; no more delay. The last moment for the forlorn hope had now arrived. If he took his pretty cousin by storm to-night, all might yet be well, and the estate might be secured, even though burdened with the undesirable encumbrance.

Harold Knyvett was not a marrying man; but if the worst came to the worst, he reflected with a sigh, a man might marry a plainer girl than his cousin Iris.

He had an engagement with his superior in the office at seven, to dine at his club, worse luck, and he dared not neglect it. Cautious before all things, Harold Knyvett would never throw away the

substance for the shadow. The office was a certainty; Iris was a gambler he; he would stick to his engagement. But chance. No gambler he; thank heaven—say at 9.30, or thereabouts he could go away early, and be up at his aunt's before the clock (pleading an At Home)—and he rushed to the door and struck ten. Filled with the scheme, he took him to his chambers haled in all haste a passing hansom. It took him to his chambers in less than ten minutes. There he sat down at his old oak desk and wrote at full speed two hurried letters. The first was to the heiress; "A most judicious step," he said to himself, with a chuckle.

"MY DEAR IRIS,—
"I am very particularly anxious to see you this evening about ten o'clock on a matter of some serious importance to both of us alike. You are always kindness itself to me, I know. May I ask you, if possible, as the best and sweetest of cousins, not to go out at night, or, in case you have any engagement for the evening, all to night, or, in case you have any engagement for the evening, to come home again early, so that I may manage to have ten minutes' talk with you alone? I know you'll do this for me, like a dear good girl. With much love, in breathless haste,
"Your very affectionate cousin,
"HAROLD."

The second was a hasty note to his solicitor.

"DEAR HARDY,—
"The old man has popped off the hooks this afternoon at Aix, and, as far as I can make out, has neglected to draw up any other will than the one I told you of. This is beastly. We must resist all probate of the existing document to the utmost of our power. I'll see you upon the subject to-morrow morning. Meanwhile, look over my grandfather's will—you have a copy, I believe—and take all necessary steps immediately, to prevent a surprise by the other party.
"Yours, in hot haste,
"HAROLD KNYVETT."

Then, being nothing if not a methodical man, Mr. Harold Knyvett proceeded to put both letters, out of pure force of habit, to copy in his copying press—the solicitor's first, and Iris's afterwards. A copy is always a handy thing; you can produce it when necessary, and suppress it when inconvenient. That done, he rang the bell for his servant.

"Send those at once to their addresses by a commissioner," he said abruptly. "Let him take a cab. At Miss Knyvett's I should like him to wait for an answer."

(To be continued)



A HEROINE like the very charming young woman who holds that important rôle in Helen Shipton's "Dagmar" (3 vols.: W. Smith and Innes) would go far to recommend a much weaker novel. And it must be owned that "Dagmar" has its weaknesses, the principal being a certain inadequacy of plot. No doubt it is possible, among the innumerable possibilities of fiction, to make it seem likely that a young man of exceptional delicacy and chivalry of character should, by reason of such very instincts, pass himself off as a dead friend. But it is unquestionable that a great deal of exceedingly strong motive would be required to make such a situation reasonable and interesting; and no sufficient motive is, in the present case, to be discovered. As if herself more or less conscious of the want, Helen Shipton has given her pretender a leaven of sentimentality and *bizarrie* of feeling supposed to have been acquired during a student-life passed at Heidelberg; but he is really such a healthy-minded young Englishman, while his caprice is so essentially childish and feeble, that this device will not serve. Perhaps, moreover, a slight dash of villany somewhere would improve a story in which all the characters, even the least agreeable, are so consistently unselfish and noble-minded. The general sweetness cloy a little; and Dagmar herself is so charming that she really deserves a foil. Many people, however, will no doubt enjoy reading a story about good and pleasant people to whom no serious trouble ever comes; and those who miss their accustomed bitterness will find ample compensation in the picture of a frank, sound-hearted, pure, and clear-minded English girl, who knows her own mind, and is altogether as unlike the ordinary heroine of fiction as can well be imagined.

The weakness of "A Dangerous Catspaw," by David Christie Murray and Henry Murray (1 vol.: Longmans and Co.), is of a more serious kind: the characters fail to live, and act as if they were made of wood and pulled by knotted strings. The leading incident is that a young barrister, who has made exceptional mark at the Old Bailey, and has an evident and acknowledged genius for advocacy, but is in need of a little ready money, instead of forthwith reaping the rich harvest of the Long Vacation at assizes and the Central Criminal Court, prefers to open a young lady's cabinet with a burglar's jemmy and stealing her jewels. His scheme is to obtain a high reward for restoring them. But so clumsily does he go about his business as to be robbed of the jewels in his turn, and to be overmatched by a detective; so that he has finally to transfer his forensic talents to the colonies. An attempt is made to enter into the psychology of crime; but there is neither profit nor interest to be obtained from the study of a vulgar and commonplace piece of larceny resulting, in the ordinary way, from temptation and opportunity. The only really curious part of the study is that a rising and ambitious barrister should fancy that there are no professional fees to be gathered out of term-time. The remaining characters are of the conventional kind, cut rather obtrusively to fit the holes in the story which require them—the militant Broad Church curate who marries the heiress; the Scotch doctor who, for very obvious purposes, practises photography; the detective, with a flavour of Mr. Bucket; and the professional burglar, duly composed of comedy and melodrama. There is dramatic vigour in the scene where the young barrister's cast-off mistress comes back to stand by her lover when all else is lost to him. But, on the whole, "A Dangerous Catspaw" has too much the effect of an attempt to bolster up an uninteresting plot by means of still less interesting psychology.

"The Windmill and Its Secrets; a Dovedale Romance," by Charles William Heckethorn (1 vol.: Trübner and Co.), is a quaint little story, notable, among other unconventionalities, for being a romance without even the vestige of a love story—a characteristic not wholly without attractions. The dedication is accompanied by a portrait of the dedicatee: a little girl who, Mr. Heckethorn hopes, will realise the idealisation he has made of her in the grown-up heroine of his tale. We cordially sympathise with his wish, if only on the ground that a few really great singers are likely to be badly wanted by the time that the little girl is old enough to make her *début*. And the aspiration that she may earn 30*l.* a week as an untried *débütante* on her first engagement is also not to be despised. Whether, by that time, a landlord will be able to ruin a tenant is more doubtful. The little romance is full of excellent intention, absolutely improbable, and not unpleasant.

"On the Wrong Track," by A. E. Wilton (Arrowsmith's Two Shilling Series), is a straightforwardly-told story of how a beautiful and accomplished young woman went out into the world to seek her

fortune, and found conquest of every sort more easy than often happens. She has her troubles, however, owing chiefly to complicated misunderstandings which require the sacrifice, by the author, of at least two lives to set straight. The tale is unpretending, and is likely to be found acceptable by many readers.

"Tempted of the Devil" (1 vol.: Alexander Gardner), the title under which M. W. Macdowell has translated from the German August Becker's "Des Rabbi Vermächtniss," may be cordially commended to the numerous body of persons whose imagination is caught by cabalistic and other occult mysteries. The conclusion of the story is that, historically, such tastes when common have always been the natural froth of periods of scepticism, to which they furnish, in a way, a *reductio ad absurdum*; that if to see beyond the veil is impossible, occult studies are nonsense, while, if it be possible, then dangerous and sinful. These arguments are the foundation of an interesting, rather old-fashioned story, told with thoroughly German diffuseness, and embodying a great deal of curious information, much of which is contributed by the translator.



AS Easter falls late this year, the pre-Lenten season will be longer than usual, and promises to be very gay both in town and country. Often in this month we have such snatches of spring-weather as yet to make us forget that March winds and April showers are almost before us. Woe to those venturesome people who cast aside their winter wraps; they will surely repent of their folly. It is an excellent plan to have a complete new outfit this month, as, if judiciously chosen, it will not only tide us over the cold weather yet to come, but will prove most useful in the early autumn, which sometimes takes us by surprise in the midst of our country holidays, when we are least inclined to trouble ourselves with new toilettes.

Country-visiting is at its height this and next month, in fact, many of our leading families will not come to town until Easter, but will entertain a series of visitors in their country mansions.

As a rule, an invitation to a fashionable country-house does not exceed a week in duration, but, in that short space of time, every day and night has its special form of amusement, for which appropriate toilettes are necessary.

We will suppose a mother and her daughter about to start on a series of these short visits. The first thing to be thought of is well-made travelling dresses. For the elder lady, who has not yet left her youth behind her, nor lost her trim figure, a tailor-made gown of bottle-green cloth, with a round skirt, above the hem of which are three bands of sable, otter, or beaver; a redingote to match also trimmed with fur, lined with tan-coloured silk; bonnet of tan-coloured cloth trimmed with green velvet and cock's feathers. A large wrap-coat of soft green plaid wool, made with a stand-up collar of velvet, the fulness gathered from the throat to the shoulders, and then left to fall loose to the hem of the dress; it is well not to line or trim this cloak, as it makes a warm wrap on a cold railway journey, and if made of genuine unmixed wool it will not get crushed. It is a great mistake to have a hood fastened on to a cloak, it is far better to have a knitted wool hood, which is warm, snug, and becoming, when tastefully made. Green plaid very fine woollen stockings and green velvet boots, lined and trimmed with fur, add very much to the comfort of their wearer, and are a powerful preventative of that unsightly result of winter travelling, a red nose, which is almost sure to get worse when changing the sharp outdoor air for a well-heated room; in this case, assuredly, prevention is better than cure. The daughter's dress is of dark brown fine-faced cloth, open at the front and the two side-seams to show a petticoat of brown and gold satin stripes; round each of the openings a wide band of gimp and gold-bead work, plain cloth tight-fitting jacket with a pointed trimming of gimp and beads, collar, epaulettes, and cuffs to match. Hat of brown velvet, with a soft folded crown of gold-coloured satin; a bunch of brown and gold-coloured feather tips.

For the young matron there is quite an *embarras de choix* of breakfast and tea-gowns, both of which garments are required in country visiting; the former are more simple than the latter. Three breakfast gowns were recently made for a wedding *trousseau*. One was of grey cashmere, with a short train lined with pink Surah silk, as was the thick *ruche* which went round the hem; in the front a loose drapery of pink silk; wide pointed hanging sleeves open from the shoulders; under-sleeves of grey cashmere, with pink silk cuffs. Another was of cream-coloured cloth, with apple-green pongee silk arranged in soft crossway pleats. A third was of tan-coloured nun's veiling, a trimming of Indian shawl pattern a quarter of a yard deep, the groundwork of a dull red; the front was composed of an Indian shawl, very artistically draped; this was the most effective of the three. Many of our readers doubtless have stowed away in their wardrobes one or more China crape shawls or scarves; now is the time to utilise them as fronts for tea-gowns or dinner dresses. With time and ingenuity, there is no occasion to cut these shawls. Two very elegant tea-gowns were recently made thus: Princess gown of golden-brown plush, with a very long train lined with a lighter shade of the same colour; the gown did not come further than the hips; of the same colour; the gown did not come further than the hips; of the front consisted of a pure white China crape shawl, which was draped from the throat to the hem with an elegance which baffles description; the deep fringe was left on the lower part, a wide collar of silver filagree finished off the throat, and bracelets to match of silver filagree finished off the wrists. The second was of fastened the China crape sleeves at the wrists. The second was of rich black satin elaborately embroidered in cut jet, and trimmed with light beaded lace; the back was made with a long train, panels of satin at the sides, open to show a wide peep of an exquisite rose-coloured China crape shawl, which formed the front. As the shawl was too handsome to be cut, the black satin and jet bodice was made in a V, the opening filled up with beaded lace lined with soft silk of exactly the same shade as the crape, sleeves to match.

The materials used for dinner and evening dresses are of the richest description. The only thing to be said as a consolation for matrons who are not overburdened with money, and yet are obliged to dress well, is that handsome and costly materials do not require any superfluous trimming. Brocaded velvet and silk in black or rich dark colours are touched up with bright red, yellow, or green.

A very stylish dinner dress recently came from Paris: it was of dark green brocaded velvet, a *Directoire* coat, faced with a lighter shade of green watered silk, embroidered in very small gold beads, the front of the skirt was of watered silk, with a flounce of Mechlin lace put on quite flat. A wide sash of watered ribbon was fixed on the front of the waist, carried round the left side, across the back to the shoulder, and down again to the waist, from whence it hung with two fringed ends down to the hem of the skirt. This design looks very stylish in two shades of pale yellow brocade and Indian silk on satin.

A pleasant change for the opening of a dance is a minuet performed by four or eight couples; it is not compulsory to wear the orthodox costume of the Georgian era, but the ladies should have their hair dressed high and powdered, and should add a short train to their ordinary ball-dresses; watered silk looks best for the train over tulle or pongee silk petticoats, the bodice being trimmed with a *berthe* or a scarf of the silk carried diagonally from left shoulder to waist.

The gentlemen must wear Court suits and powdered wigs. It is most effective for all the ladies to wear white petticoats alike, but to vary the colour of the trains; apple green, coral pink, pale yellow, and delicate blue make a charming quartette.

A word to our young readers, who move in a limited clique, and want to vary their toilettes in an inexpensive manner. Taking a white tulle or pongee silk as ground work, different coloured tulle can be draped round the shoulders, sleeves, and basques of the pointed bodices, and a broad watered sash of the colour chosen, looped gracefully at the back.

This plan quite transforms the same foundation dress, and can be equally well carried out in Liberty silk. Small ribbon bows, steel or fancy pins, and brooches are placed in the hair, amongst the small rolled curls which are now so fashionable.



JOE said, "O that mine enemy might write a book," and it is certainly best for a perfect stranger to edit your biography. "Major-General Sir C. Metcalfe Macgregor's Life and Opinions" (Blackwood) is so full of trivial passages that one is sorely grieved that Lady Macgregor did not hand over to a stranger what to her was a labour of love. Then we might have had such a life of the late Quartermaster-General of India as poor Mr. Gambier Parry lately gave us of an old Indian hero he had never seen. So much that is precious to near friends is "wood, hay, and stubble" to a cold-hearted world. Heaven forbid that we should wound feelings saddened by the loss of one who never got his full deserts, one of whom, when it was too late, the Duke of Connaught said, at Poonah: "It is chiefly owing to him we have now a good knowledge of affairs beyond the frontier;" and we have, moreover, a great regard for the Clan Macgregor, so cruelly hunted down, under pretence of law, by the rival Campbells. But it is for these very reasons that we regret a lack of pruning which lessens the usefulness of the book. We would fain have the author of "The Defence of India" as well-known and well-appreciated as he deserves to be; and we fear it will need an old friend's patience to get the pith out of these two big volumes. And yet there is so much worth reading. Sir Charles was absolutely fearless, morally as well as physically, and never shrank from characterising humbug and official imbecility as they deserved. He saw much service; perhaps as important a work in its after-results as was ever done in a campaign was his charging (when Lieutenant) with only thirty Sikh Horse a very large body of Tartar cavalry, and scattering them. He was in the absurd Abyssinian War; and, though full of thoughtless glee at the action of "the terrible Sniders" on the half-armed foe, he speaks with well-deserved disgust of the way in which "Theodore's dead body was stripped by a rush of fiends, vultures, dressed like Englishmen, who fought for bits as mementoes. I was sickened, though Heaven knows there is no maudlin sensitiveness in me" (Vol. I., 301).

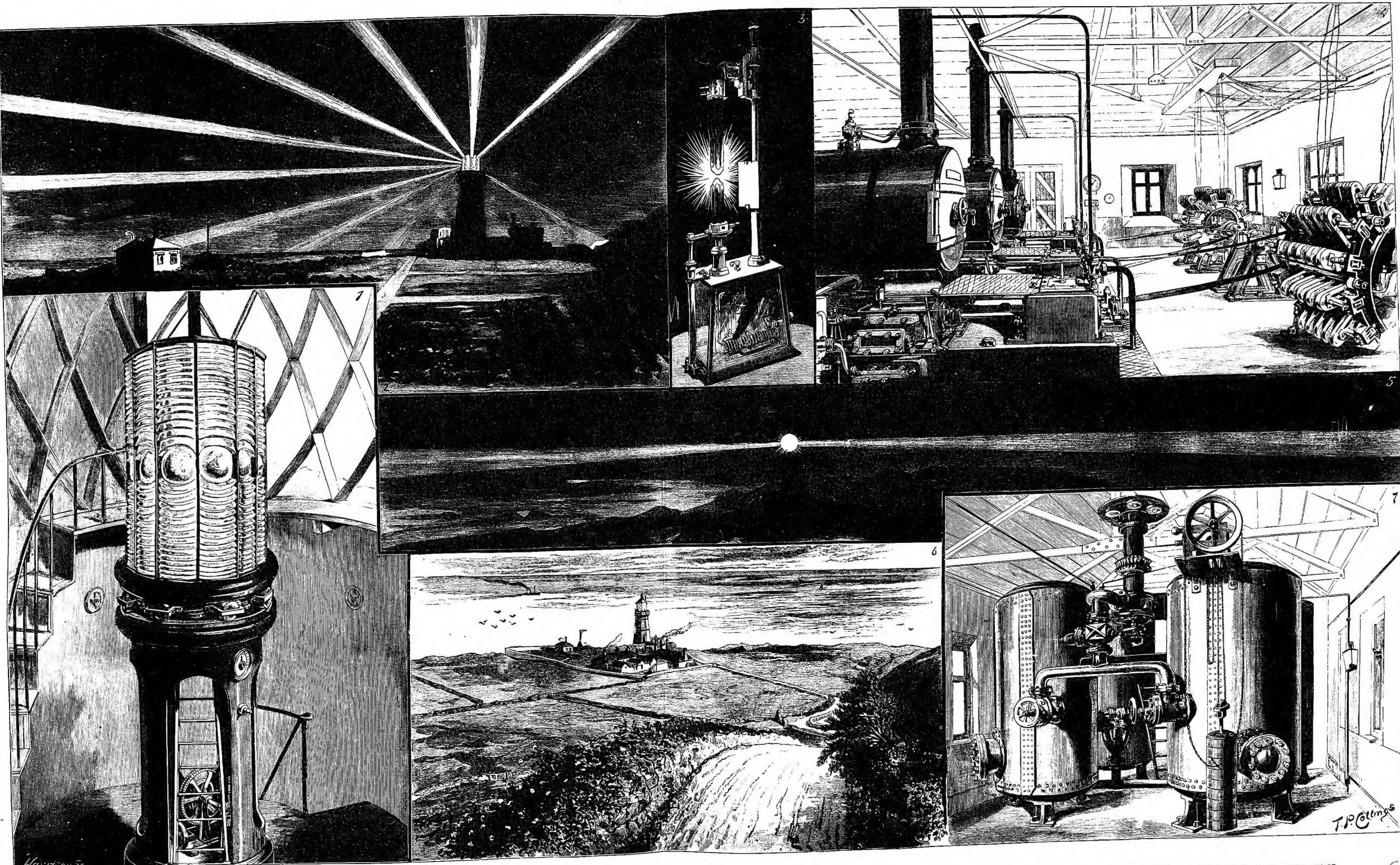
As the Hon. H. F. Elliot admits, "The Life of the Earl of Godolphin" (Longmans) seems absolutely featureless beside those of his famous contemporaries in politics. Yet he was one of the greatest men of his age, and achieved some of the greatest financial changes ever made by an English Government. He established the Bank and funded the National Debt, and what was even more valuable (for "daring and skilful measures such as are attributed to Charles Montague may restore our credit, but punctuality, method, and good faith can alone confirm it"), he rigidly set his face against official corruption, then universal; while his economy may be judged from his indorsement of an order for a new silver trumpet for the Guards: "What has become of the old one?" Most people connect him with horse-racing; but few think of him as "holding the balance with the Queen at one end and the Whigs at the other," or are aware that he was accused of bringing Dr. Sacheverell to trial because that clergyman compared him to Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Mr. Elliot's book is throughout a masterly treatise on the politics of the time.

In "The Record of a Human Soul" (Longmans), Mr. H. G. Hutchings sympathetically traces the growth in a nervously sensitive, yet strong mind, of "the faith whereby a man can live." For a long time, "James," though owning the blessedness of belief, can only groan over the temperament which, for him, makes belief impossible. The change does come; whether "Kate" has anything to do with it we leave the reader to determine.

The Rev. W. Hunt's "English Church in the Middle Ages" (Longmans) is one of the most thorough of the "Epochs of Church History." At the same time the author has limited himself to his subject, eschewing collateral questions like Investitures, Monasticism, &c., which find a separate place in the series. There is sometimes this disadvantage in work done piecemeal that one volume overlaps another; and yet it is much more than a compensation that, instead of being fobbed off with fifth-hand histories, we should that, taken (as we are here) to the original authorities. And this few men can do well for more than a short period; for it is not enough to write from such sources; the study of the chroniclers must be corrected by the wider reading which Mr. Hunt (who has made good use of Bishop Stubbs) brings to his work. He is a little unfair on the Celtic Christianity which, surely, was "as successful in influencing men's conduct" as any other form has been. The secularising of the Church under Henry I.; the disputes between Archbishop Peckham and Edward I.; the work of Bradwardine and Islip; and the oppression of the Church by the Popes in the weak reign of Henry III., are well brought out in a work which covers the whole ground from St. Augustine's Mission to 1377.

We strongly recommend Mr. P. G. Browne's "Chats about the Church" (S.P.C.K.). It is just what it claims to be, "a handy Church Defence Manual for working men." It is well they should be reminded that (as Mr. Gladstone says) "the clergy are not State-paid;" and that the Radical Cobbett remarked that if tithes were abolished, there would soon be a law for the abolition of rents. Above all, "it would be the poor who would suffer most by Disendowment." Mr. Browne brings clearly out the continuous life of the Church from Anglo-Saxon times through the Reformation period.

Life is short, and nowadays very full, and "A Personal Narrative of the Euphrates Expedition" (Kegan Paul), though interesting, is very long. Surgeon W. F. Ainsworth's two volumes contain 940 pages. He is often most graphic, as when he describes "The Gates of Paradise" by the naphtha springs, and pictures the scene when Sippahra and Sura and Accad were thriving cities; or when he details the secular list of misfortunes (including the loss of one of the two steamers just started by Colonel Chesney) that have given an ill-name to the Pass of Thapsacus. The book awakens sad memories. The Expedition, grandly conceived, was absolutely fruitless; had it been followed up, Turkey might now be regenerate and strong, for during the more than fifty years that have passed since Colonel Chesney sailed Turkey has been continuously experiencing the truth of the adage: "Save me from my friends." "Notes for Boys and Their Fathers" (Elliot Stock) begins with unselfishness, the virtue which above all others is its own reward; and, having gone through all the virtues, treats of studies, of the



1. AUTOMATIC ROTATING DIOPTRIC LANTERN, CONSISTING OF SIXTEEN PANELS OF VERTICAL LENSES. DURATION OF FLASH, FOUR SECONDS; INTERVAL BETWEEN SUCCEEDING FLASHES, TWENTY-SIX SECONDS

2. THE LIGHT VIEWED FROM BELOW, SHOWING DIVERGENT RAYS
3. ELECTRIC LAMP FITTED WITH TWO-AND-A-HALF INCH FLUTED CARBONS (SIX-POINTED STAR SHAPED)

4. ENGINE ROOM—CONTAINING THREE 36-H.P. COMPOUND ENGINES, EACH FITTED WITH COMPRESSER, AND TWO DE MERITENS MAGNETO-ELECTRIC MACHINES

5. APPEARANCE OF THE LIGHT TEN MILES OUT AT SEA
6. LIGHTHOUSE AND OFFICERS' RESIDENCE SEEN FROM THE CLIFF
7. FOG-HORN APPARATUS, CONSISTING OF FOUR CYLINDERS, CONTAINING AIR AT A PRESSURE OF 150 TO 200 LBS. TO THE SQUARE INCH; AND SYREN WITH AUTOMATIC ARRANGEMENT FOR GIVING TWO BLASTS (HIGH AND LOW) EVERY MINUTE

ST. CATHERINE'S LIGHTHOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT THE MOST POWERFUL ELECTRIC LIGHT IN THE WORLD

choice of a profession, and of a wife. It is well for the rising generation to be reminded that "between your demeanour towards women and that towards your own sex there should be a marked difference." The "Old Boy," while he can speak strongly on important points, is not above giving hints on such smaller matters as dress.

"Prince Eugene of Savoy" (Chapman and Hall) has hardly taken his due place in English history. In what he did along with Marlborough he is overshadowed by the (to us) greater personality of our countryman: while of his Italian campaign—the model so triumphantly imitated by young Bonaparte—most English readers really do not care to follow the details. In giving us, therefore, a careful history of his hero, Colonel Malleon feels that he is doing him tardy justice. In his final chapter, reminding us that "the inspiration for Marlborough's greatest campaign, that of Blenheim, came from Eugene," he points out that Napier's comparison—"Wellington's battle was the stroke of a battering ram, Napoleon's was the rush of a mighty wave which poured onwards, covering all," holds between Marlborough, who halted after Blenheim as he did after Malplaquet, and Eugene, who won Italy by his victory at Turin. To military students the book will be very valuable; to the general reader it is in part a brilliant picture of what many others, Macaulay among them, have sketched. The chapter on the Turkish wars, in which Eugene served under Duke Charles of Lorraine, is delightfully written, and opens up fresher ground.

In "Juvenile Literature as It is" (Drane) Mr. Salmon gives us not only a list of authors, arranged according to their proved popularity, but likewise an estimate of their works. The book, the substance of which appeared in the *Fortnightly*, *Nineteenth Century*, &c., is based on the inquiries of Mr. C. Welsh, who was painstaking enough to ask a large number of schools for lists of favourite authors. Of these, for boys, Dickens stands first with 223 votes, our childhood's favourite Fenimore Cooper getting only 12, and Lever 11, and Scott 128, and Tennyson 10. The girls, too, put Dickens at the head with 355 votes; to Grace Aguilar they give 23, to Miss Braddon 13, to Tennyson 10, to Ruskin 7! Shakespeare gets 44 votes from boys, 75 from girls. "Westward Ho!" is the girls' most popular book, "Robinson Crusoe" the boys'. Such induction is necessarily very imperfect; but we are glad to find Dickens standing high with a certain number of young people. For Mr. Salmon's criticisms on authors we refer to the book itself; of which, by the way, the paper and type are exceptionally good.

In "Our Rarer Birds" (Bentley) Mr. Charles Dixon has given a plain straightforward account of many of our feathered visitors and inhabitants. While perhaps not pretending to the scientific level and accuracy of Mr. Seebohm or Mr. Bowdler Sharpe, Mr. Dixon has treated his subject from personal observation; and this alone will compensate for certain shortcomings of style, and considerably add to the value of the information contained in his work. Mr. Dixon might have chosen a better title for his volume, as many of the birds—for instance, the common gull, nightingale, and the ringed and golden plovers—can hardly be classed as "rare;" but to the general public, and especially to those endowed with a love of bird-nature, the book will prove delightful reading. Mr. Dixon is especially at home in the North—as witness his chapters on the golden and other eagles, the ptarmigan, eider-duck, black grouse, and other Northern birds, and as much so in that El Dorado of the British ornithologist, St. Kilda—his observations on those singular birds with which that island abounds, the delightfully quaint puffin, and the curious St. Kilda wren, being especially worth reading. Mr. Dixon gives the *local* and construction of the various birds' nests, and the form, colour, and number of their eggs—a special chapter being devoted to this subject—while the individual song and cry of each bird is in most cases exceedingly well described. The author has been ably assisted in his task by Mr. Whymper, whose illustrations are to be commended for their accuracy and their artistic simplicity.

Mr. Hume Nisbet takes us to the "shining Orient" in "The Land of the Hibiscus Blossom: a Yarn of the Papuan Gulf" (Ward and Downey). The author not only mixed with missionaries and traders, but went amongst the natives, who gave him presents, looked wonderingly upon his sketches, and treated him like a friend and brother, acting with scrupulous honesty. Though he understands the points of view taken by missionary and trader respectively, he holds that the savages of New Guinea are, in a material sense, much more comfortable than are our English poor; indeed than many of our English middle classes. With a certain grim humour he observes in his preface, "We who are favoured ones (?) of earth teach the naked races how to dress themselves before we bury them. It is the legend of the Devil and Adam being constantly enacted under the specious title, 'Civilisation.'" The author wrought his experiences into story form, and very readable story form too, and "The Land of the Hibiscus Blossom" should leave the reader better disposed to his "inferior" brothers, and with a vivid impression of far-away scenes brilliant in sunlight.

A somewhat difficult subject is handled by Dr. H. S. Pomeroy of Boston, under the title "The Ethics of Marriage" (Funk and Wagnalls). The volume has a preface by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, and an introduction by the Rev. J. T. Duryea, D.D. The theme is treated as delicately as possible; indeed, "the little book is affectionately and reverently dedicated" to Dr. Pomeroy's mother; still "the American sin" is one which, unless it is more largely acclimatised over here, is not one which it can benefit the general public to ponder over, even with a clerical introduction as a passport to edifying reflection.

NOTE.—In our notice of Mr. G. Frank's "Ryedale and North Yorkshire Antiquities," the reviewer complained of the absence of an index. Possibly he received an imperfect copy, for Mr. W. H. Sampson, of York, the publisher of the book, informs us that it contains a full index and contents of fifteen pages.

ST. CATHERINE'S LIGHTHOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT

ST. CATHERINE'S, as a beacon station, dates back to the fourteenth century, when a devout Knight built a chantry on the summit of St. Catherine's Down, and provided an endowment for a priest whose duty it was to chant masses and maintain a burning light at night for the benefit of passing mariners; this was abolished at the dissolution of the minor religious houses. On the same site a lighthouse was erected by the Trinity Board in 1785, but found to be practically useless on account of the mists which so frequently obscured the summit of the hill; it was therefore abandoned.

In 1837, the erection of the present lighthouse at St. Catherine's Point was commenced. It is situated on a terrace eighty-one feet above high-water mark; the stonework of the Tower was raised originally 100 feet above the terrace, but afterwards lowered forty feet to avoid the fogs rolling off the Downs, as it was found by experience that at the lower elevation the light was not so often obscured. A strong glass frame about twelve feet high was fixed on the top of this tower, to protect and contain the lantern; this was formed of prisms of great magnifying power, and surmounted by mirrors. The lamp was composed of six consecutive wick burners, fed with mineral oil, the light being equal to 740 candles; it was first lighted on March 25th, 1840.

In consequence of the shifting nature of the underlying clay, although the foundation was carried to the rock it was found when the tower was lowered to be three inches out of the perpendicular;

since then, however, no perceptible change has taken place—this is proved by a plumb bob suspended from the centre of the tower.

This oil lamp has now been replaced by what is stated to be the most powerful electric light in the world, designed by Sir James Douglass, Engineer-in-Chief to the Trinity House.

The whole of the new works have been devised and originated by Sir James N. Douglass, and carried out under the superintendence of his assistants, Mr. Ayres and Mr. Mathews, while the completed arrangements have been put under the charge of Mr. H. C. Millett, late Engineer, R.N.

For the production of the light we will first mention the engine-house: this contains three of Robey's compound engines, each of 36 horse-power, and two De Meritens magneto-electric machines, working at a speed of 600 revolutions per minute, each capable of producing a light of 3,000,000 candles. The induction arrangement of each machine consists of sixty permanent magnets, every magnet being made up of eight steel plates; the armature being 2 feet 6 inches in diameter, and composed of five rings with twenty-four bobbins in each, arranged in groups of four in tension and six in quantity. There are three lamps (of which only one is used at a time) of the Serrin-Berjot type, modified; the carbons are 2½ inches in diameter, and six-pointed star-shape in section. The dioptric lantern is a drum containing sixteen panels of vertical lenses; this rotates and gives a flash of four seconds, followed by twenty-six seconds' darkness. On a bright night it is clearly seen at a distance of forty miles, and at the Needles, about twelve miles distant, a newspaper has been distinctly read by this powerful flash.

In addition to working the dynamos, the engines drive the compressors for sounding the fog-horn. The air when so compressed is stored up in four steel cylinders, at a pressure of from 150 to 200 lbs. the square inch, so that the syren can be started at a moment's notice. This works automatically for six hours, giving two powerful blasts (high and low) every minute—once heard, never to be forgotten!

The lighthouse, engine-room, and various offices are all in direct speaking-tube connection with Mr. Millett's apartments, to which gentleman I am much indebted for his great courtesy in giving me every assistance while making the necessary sketches for this article. I may add that Mr. Millett, who formerly had charge of the first permanent electric light at Souter Point, originally served as an engineer in the Royal Navy; he afterwards joined the Italian Navy, and is the possessor of a most unique collection of medals—British, Italian, French, Turkish, and Portuguese, every one personally presented to him.

All visitors agree that to stand below the tower on a clear night and watch the brilliant beams of light reaching to the horizon in every direction, and slowly rotating, is, without exception, one of the most marvellous sights it is possible to imagine; and, in addition to this, on a warm evening myriads of moths, looking like moten gold and silver, float by, attracted by its brilliancy. On some nights, the keepers told me, they had to actually sweep them off the glass, the numbers being so great as partially to obscure the light. At times great numbers of birds are attracted through the same cause.

T. P. C.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

ONE of the most interesting of modern poets is Emma Lazarus, whose "Poems, Narrative, Lyric, and Dramatic," are published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Company in two volumes. She "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," and the War of Secession stirred her eleven-year-old muse to lyric verse. There is much of the melancholy of Heine in the spirit of this friend of Emerson; but she has profound sympathy with nature and its mysteries. In her "Epochs," after describing "the calm outgoing of a rich long day," she thus alludes to death:—

On such a golden evening forth there floats,
Between the grave earth and the glowing sky,
In the clear air, unweaved with hazy mists,
The mystic-winged and flickering butterfly,
A human soul, that drifts at liberty,
Ah! who can tell to what strange paradise,
To what undreamed-of fields and lofty skies?

The persecution of the Jews in Russia evoked some fine lyrical outbursts, notably "The Banner of the Jew." Where, perhaps, Miss Emma Lazarus is as happy as she is anywhere, is in her translation from Heine, whose pathos and mockery in "Donna Clara," she admirably renders. This poet faced the perplexities of life as they strike the imagination of a member of an ancient Jewish family informed with the culture of our own time, and these volumes merit careful perusal by lovers of good verse, while they illuminate vividly the vitality of Israelitish tradition.

The author of the much-appreciated "Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley" gives us "A Dream of Church Windows" (Elliot Stock). These "Poems of House and Home" are very prettily worded, and move to flowing, ear-pleasing measures. Sunset is a theme of which Mr. John James Piatt likes to treat, and it dominates the idea in the opening poem which gives its title to his volume. Then:

Flutters everything with newer being
Richer life than ever breathed before
By the alchemy of clearer seeing,
Golden lie the shadows—dark no more.

There is much that is quotable, many a tender thought happily and freshly expressed. From a charming little poem, entitled "His Dream, In Absence," we venture to take the opening verse:—

Was it a blissful dream I dreamed,
Or Fancy's sleepless make-belief?
She came—oh, was she here, or seemed?
A gentle vision brief;
And like a rose-tree over me,
She kissed and clasped me tenderly.

We have also another volume of verse from Mrs. Piatt, "The Witch in the Glass" (Houghton, Mifflin, and Company). The poems are largely charged with child-life, and with much power and sweetness does the author give expression to the naive thoughts and imaginings of the young. One of the most simple and yet taking of these poems is "The Answer of the Gardener." The gardener has planted the tree, and the boy asks him, "with wonder in his smile,"—"Why don't you put the leaves on, though?"—

The gardener, with a reverent air,
Lifted his eyes, took off his hat—
'The Other Man, the One up there.'
He answered, "He must look to that."

The very young American girl is allowed to soliloquise with most amusing childish worldliness in "After Her First Party." Altogether, Mrs. Piatt is very bright, correct, and pleasant in her versification, and there is pathos and piquancy in her child-pictures.

We have from Mr. Walter Scott some charming little volumes in "The Canterbury Poets' Series," edited by Mr. William Sharp. Amongst them are Crabbe, Chaucer, and Milton's "Paradise Regained."



MESSRS. SOMERSET AND CO.—A song which will be first favourite in the home circle is "Nursie," written and composed by Arthur Chapman and Theo Bonheur; both words and music are replete with healthy sentiment.—Precisely the same may be said of "Light and Truth," written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Vernon Key.—A spirited and taking song for a popular concert is "Trumpeter John," words by G. Clifton Bingham, music by Oscar Verne; it is published in D and in F.—A bright specimen of its school is "Coronation Gavotte," by Celia Kottaun.—"Italian Dance," for the pianoforte, by E. Boggetti, is a spirited example of the tarantella type, which seldom fails to please.—"Floral Beauties" is the collective title of a series of easy pianoforte pieces by J. E. Newell; "Jessamine" (No. 1) will please young players.—"Plantagenet, a Courtly Dance," for the pianoforte, by D'Auvergne Barnard; and "Sylvan Queen," an intermezzo, by Theo Bonheur, are fairly good drawing-room pieces.—By the last-named composer are "The Grenadiers Polka March," a sprightly *morceau*; and "Clouland Waltz," which is more noteworthy for its frontispiece of young and old witches riding on broomsticks, than for its musical contents.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Elsa and the Imprisoned Fairy," a cantata for juvenile voices, written by Jeanie G. Bettany, composed by Thomas Murby, is remarkably pretty; the libretto is pleasing and the music tuneful and singable. "Elsa" may be performed simply as a musical work by young people in ordinary evening dress or in costume, which is more amusing both to performers and audience (Thomas Murby).—A simple and pleasing song is "The Golden River," words by Edward Oxenford, music by Joseph Clarkson (The London Music Publishing Company).—There is both originality and interest combined in "Reiseminder fra Feld og Fjord" ("Reminiscences from Mountain and Fiord"), six songs, words by Holgar Drachmann, well adapted to the English by Mina Hatzfeld, music by Edward Grieg (Messrs. Pitt and Hatzfeld).—A very well written trio for pianoforte, violin, and viola, composed by Alex. S. Beaumont, has been arranged in a musicianly manner by Alfred J. Eyre for the organ.—"The Golden Goblin Valse," for the pianoforte, by Victor Stevens, has already achieved popularity at all our principal theatres, and is a favourite in the ball-room (Charles Woolhouse).—Graham P. Moore has composed a "Serenata in E Flat" for the pianoforte (Messrs. Kinsford and Son), and "Second Serenata," for the pianoforte (Messrs. Raabe and Plothow); both are of more than average merit.—Three popular old American melodies have been published in a tasteful form by Ticknor and Co., Boston, U.S., namely, "Marching through Georgia," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and "Nelly was a Lady." Each verse is most daintily illustrated, and the music of the song given at the end.—Just now, when the Stuart Exhibition has brought that ill-fated dynasty into vivid recollection, a Jacobite song, dedicated, by permission, to the Princess Louis of Bavaria, as the direct descendant of the elder branch of the Stuarts, might attract some attention apart from its intrinsic merits. But the song in question, "If All the Year were a Single Day" (Joseph Williams), composed by Rosamond Francillon, deserves popularity on more practical grounds, inasmuch as it has a capital tune, with plenty of go in it, and is very easy to sing.

SOME CHOICE FRENCH BOOKS

As in England, the winter holiday-season in France brings out many of the best illustrated books. Half-a-dozen specimens from Paris are true *ouvrages de luxe*, successfully rivalling any English artistic work recently published. Indeed, "L'Alsace" (Hachette), in particular, deserves high praise, both from a literary and artistic standpoint. Alsace is treated here from the picturesque, not the political aspect. Even when M. Charles Grad is obliged to touch on Teutonic rule, he is guarded and impartial—as befits an Alsatian Deputy to the German Reichstag. But his pen runs glibly on Alsatian life and customs, on the history and the legends, the scenery and the people, the art and the manufactures of this busy, fertile region which has brought Germany so much industrial wealth. Alsace is a land full of sharp contrasts. Her country-people still cling to their quaint antique customs and old-fashioned methods of work, while her townsmen bring the model textile factories and labour-colonies to the highest pitch of modern improvement. The province is strangely ignored by English tourists, who may well regret their neglect when they read M. Grad's enthusiastic account of the sport available, or study the peasant types and the scenic beauties of lake and round-topped mountain, ruined castle and vine-clad slope depicted in the multitude of admirable drawings by MM. Henner, Jundt, and their brethren.—Most English people are far more familiar with the district embraced by "L'Italie du Nord" (Maison Quantin), an equally beautifully-illustrated work. M. de Lérès gives a capital bird's-eye view of Northern Italy, ranging between the Alps and Rome, and, whilst lightly touching on her history, art, and monuments, happily avoids the guide-book style.

For a more serious study of Italian Art, however, we must turn to M. Eugène Müntz's scholarly production, "L'Histoire de l'Art pendant la Renaissance—Italie, les Primitifs" (Hachette). This is the first of a series on the Renaissance period—three volumes to be devoted to Italy, one to France, and the final one to Europe in general. M. Müntz is so thoroughly imbued with the Art of this epoch that he treats his theme in most exhaustive style, providing a finished picture of Italian civilisation in the fifteenth century. He traces the Greek and Roman influence on the Italian school, and presents the Art-patrons of the era side by side with the artists and their works. Nearly every page is studded with excellent cuts, and the book will enchant the Art amateur.—These Grecian precursors of Italian Art to whom M. Müntz alludes are the heroes of M. Victor Duruy's concluding volume of "L'Histoire des Grecs" (Hachette), now produced in a new and finely-illustrated edition. The present instalment describes the gradual decadence of the kingdom—from the time when Sparta's power declined till Greece fell under the Roman yoke—with Philip of Macedon, Alexander the Great, and Demosthenes as the central figures. M. Duruy makes a valuable contribution to classical history.—We pass to another ancient people in "Contes Juifs" (Maison Quantin)—most amusing studies of modern Jewish life. By now, the Jew resident in busy cities has lost much of his individuality, and is often lax in observing national traditions and habits. But in remote corners of Poland, Russia, Germany, or Belgium, the true Israelite still follows the manners of his forefathers. So M. Sacher Masoch in his bright stories shows us the Jewish families carrying out the curious old ceremonial of Hebrew domestic life and worship, their courtship, marriage, and death, the antipathy 'twixt Jew and Gentile, &c., all graphically enforced by the illustrations.—The general public will care less for "L'Histoire de l'Ecole Navale" (Maison Quantin), which is mostly of technical interest. Still, an "Ancien Officier" has well compiled a record of French naval education, from its first regular organization, under Richelieu, down to the present system of college and training-ship.

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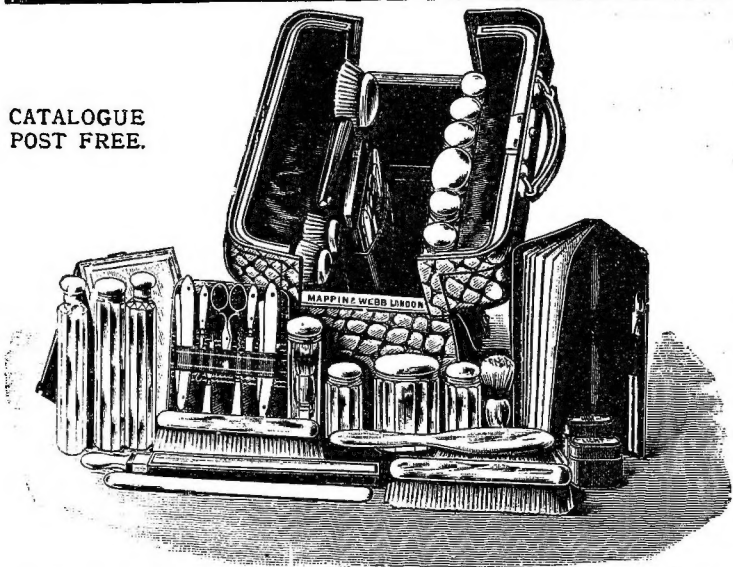
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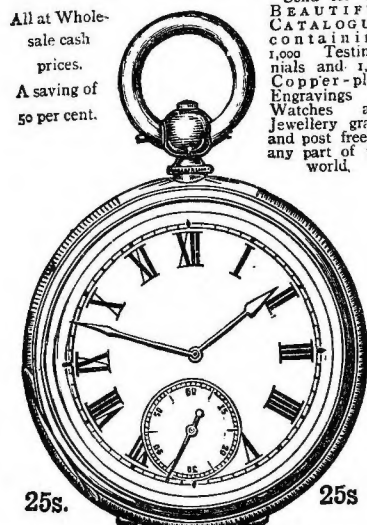
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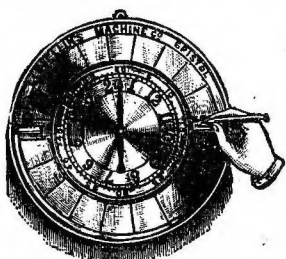
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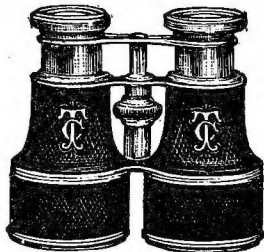
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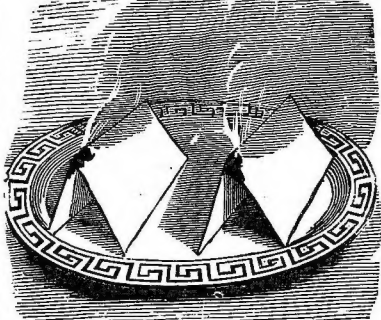
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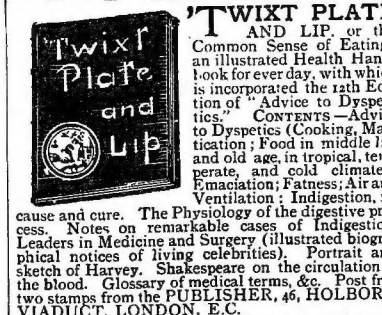
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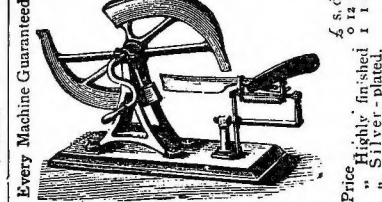
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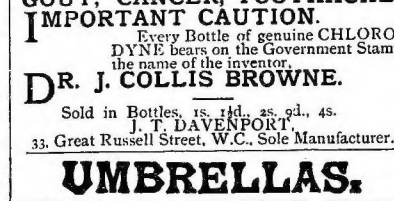
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